

15¢ a copy

# The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

MARCH 1930



OUR INTERNATIONAL



STYLE 105  
Brown Elk Moccasin  
"GOLD SPOT"  
Leather Sole  
Goodrich Rubber Heels

STYLE 115  
Light Smoke Elk  
Moccasin Gristle  
Rubber Sole

Sizes 2½ to 10  
Widths AAA to D



# "SPORTSTER" OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT SHOE

**\$5.50**  
\$5.75 West of  
the Rockies

*Smaller Sizes Priced Proportionately Lower*

**T**HE "SPORTSTER" Officially Approved Girl Scout Shoe has been acclaimed by Girl Scout leaders throughout the country as being expressly designed to meet the exacting requirements of Girl Scout activities as well as for general service. Every possible feature has been incorporated to make the "Sportster" Official Girl Scout Shoe the ideal shoe for foot comfort and foot health.

The Sole is "Gold Spot," an entirely different and exclusive tannage, flexible and long wearing leather. The heel is the new Goodrich. "Its liveliness lasts". Uppers are fine Elk or Schmidt Eric

Calf comfortable and sturdy. See the illustrations for styles desired. Built over co-ordinated lasts and patterns assuring perfect fit.

The "Sportster" Official Girl Scout Shoe is very attractively priced, and so smart in its appearance you will welcome it as a shoe for general service as well as for your scout activities.

For sale at all Authorized Girl Scout Department store agencies and at many of the better shoe stores. If you find it inconvenient to locate the authorized store in your neighborhood, send the coupon below to A. Sandler, Girl Scout Shoe Division, 154 Lincoln Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and you will be advised promptly.



GENUINE OFFICIAL SHOES  
BEAR THIS SEAL



STYLE 135  
Black "Eric Calf"  
"GOLD SPOT"  
Leather Sole  
Goodrich Rubber Heels

STYLE 125  
Brown "Eric Calf"  
"GOLD SPOT"  
Leather Sole  
Goodrich Rubber Heels

Sizes 2½ to 9  
Widths AAA to D



*No foot too small or too large.  
None too wide or too narrow.*

A. SANDLER  
Girl Scout Shoe Division  
154 Lincoln St.  
Boston, Mass. Date.....

GENTLEMEN: Please let me know where I can purchase "Sportster" Officially Approved Girl Scout Shoes in my neighborhood

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....  
State.....  
Size..... Width.....



# Along the Editor's Trail

SHE lounged in a deck chair as the little steamer moved slowly into the harbor of one of the loveliest islands in the West

Indies. The water was bluer than, even in the widest stretch of my imagination, I had believed it possible for water to be. And fresh wood violets were scarcely more purple than the mountain-tops that appeared in the distance as a soft tropic breeze drew away the gray veil of early morning mist. Little fishing boats, their sails patched with gay colors, skimmed the calm sea. And along the shore, palm trees made cool spots of green.

But she—the girl in the deck chair—wasn't looking at any of this beauty. She was absorbedly writing in a tiny red leather book.

I had to pass close to her chair as I crossed to the other side of the ship for a better view of the mountains. And, although I heartily dislike people who try to make others enjoy the things that *they* believe should be enjoyed, I couldn't resist letting the girl know what she was missing.

"Lovely, isn't it?" I remarked.

"Yes," she agreed, pleasantly enough, but hardly looking up.

"Have you been here before?" I tried again.

"No," she replied. "Last year we—my aunt and I—went to Norway. And I've traveled through Scotland and England and, of course, I've been to Paris and Berlin and Switzerland."

"You've seen a great deal of the world," I said.

"Yes. And I have it all down in little books, like this one." She held out the red notebook. "You

see," she pointed out the page she was writing on, "I write things like this down and then, when I read it later on, I can remember all about the places I've visited."

I took the book and read:

Jamaica: largest of the British West Indies.  
Area, 4200 square miles. Principal city: Kingston.  
Products: Bananas, sugar cane, coffee—

"Very interesting," I said as I gave the book back to her. "But isn't that all from a guide book?"

"Of course. But I remember it better when I write it down in my own way. When we get on the island I'll put in a few facts about the towns we go to and the places of interest that we visit and then it will be all there"—pointing to the book—"to take home with me."

"But what about this—the lovely harbor and the water and the queer native fishing boats and those exquisite purple mountains? Aren't they worth seeing?"

She rose and glanced around her.

"They are nice," she said. "But I must go down now and lock this book safely in my bag."

"Bananas, sugar cane, coffee—!" I thought, looking at the blue sea.

There are two kinds of travelers. One kind simply goes places. They can usually reel off an imposing list of the towns and countries they have visited, but they might just as well have stayed at home and read a guide book for all that they have really taken in. The second kind goes places, too, but they see and remember.

"For to admire and for to see,  
For to behold this world so wide—"

That's the sort of thing I mean. Guide books are no good if one loses the power to observe and appreciate.



A table of contents for this issue will be found on page 66

MARGARET MOCHRIE, Editor  
PAULINE STEINBERG, Managing Editor

THE AMERICAN GIRL  
670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

S. E. McKEOWN, Business Manager  
NATHANIEL H. JONES, Advertising  
ELSIE WRABE, Circulation

Subscription price: \$1.50 for one year; \$2.00 for two years. Canadian, \$.25 extra a year for postage; foreign, \$.50 extra a year for postage; remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Powers & Stone, Inc., First National Bank Building, Chicago, Illinois, Harry E. Hyde, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Hallet E. Cole, 122 East Seventh Street, Los Angeles, California

VOLUME XIII

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER 3

Honorary President . . . . . Mrs. Herbert Hoover

Honorary Vice-Presidents  
(MISS SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD  
MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE  
MRS. T. J. PRESTON, JR.  
(Formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland)  
MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT  
MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT  
MRS. WOODROW WILSON)

Founder . . . . . MRS. JULIETTE LOW  
Mrs. William H. Hoffman . . . . . President

Mrs. Arthur O. Choate . . . . . First Vice-President  
Mrs. Vance C. McCormick . . . . . Second Vice-President  
Mrs. Frederick Edey . . . . . Third Vice-President  
Mrs. A. Clifford Shinkle . . . . . Fourth Vice-President  
Mrs. William M. Chester . . . . . Fifth Vice-President  
Mrs. Owen D. Young . . . . . Sixth Vice-President  
Mrs. Barrett Wendell . . . . . Seventh Vice-President  
Mrs. Herbert H. Lehman . . . . . Eighth Vice-President  
Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady . . . . . Chairman, Board of Directors  
Mrs. Edgar Rickard . . . . . Treasurer  
Mrs. Julius H. Barnes . . . . . Corresponding Secretary  
Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin . . . . . Director

Counsel: Mr. Chauncey Belknap





## IN BOSTON

**Official Headquarters  
in BOSTON for  
Girl Scout Apparel  
and Accessories**

A Special Section, devoted to Girl and Boy Scout Equipment is located on the Third Floor, Main Store

**Jordan Marsh Company**

## IN BROOKLYN

Official headquarters for Girl and Boy Scout clothing and accessories is at A & S—where a special department awaits you.

**ABRAHAM & STRAUS INC.**  
BROOKLYN

## IN MILWAUKEE

Girl Scout Uniforms, Hats, Books, Belts, etc. at

**GIMBELS**

## IN SAINT PAUL

Official Headquarters in Saint Paul, Minnesota

*The Golden Rule*
**IN NEW YORK  
TRADE SALES AGENTS**

for "Scouting for Girls,"  
official Girl Scouts' manual  
**THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.**  
Wholesale Dealers in the Books of All Publishers  
55 Fifth Ave. NEW YORK At Twelfth St.

**Your Post Box  
Friend Abroad**

WERE you one of the two thousand fortunate girls who corresponded with foreign Girl Guides last year? If you were, you surely remember the thrill you got when the postman handed you that queer, odd-looking, un-domestic envelope from your new letter-friend far away in—Egypt, or was it Japan?

If you haven't a foreign girl on your list of correspondents, you can have one by writing to the International Post Box Secretary, here at Girl Scout Headquarters, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Of course you can't expect to ask for a correspondent today and receive a letter from her tomorrow, or next week. It takes time. Sometimes it takes as long as two months! But it's worth waiting for. Send in your name, address, age, the language or languages you can read and write, and the country from which you wish a correspondent. It is best, however, to let the Post Box decide the country for you because very often it has names of girls near your own age from countries you'd never think of but from which you'd love to hear. And in sending in the information about yourself, don't send letters starting the correspondence with your foreign friend. She'll do that!

And when you get your exciting letters—and pictures, too—don't forget we want them. Let AMERICAN GIRL readers share them with you. You will see pictures and news from girls all over the world on many pages in this issue. They are the pictures and letters that our Post Box correspondents have sent to THE AMERICAN GIRL for you to enjoy. When you receive an interesting and entertaining letter, make a copy of it and send it along to us for the March, 1931 issue.



## IN WASHINGTON

Washington, D.C.  
*Girl Scouts!*

GIRL Scout apparel and equipment are a hobby with The Hecht Co. in our Girl Scout section, you will find salespersons who are interested in Girl Scout activities, and therefore serve you intelligently.

THE HECHT CO., F STREET  
Washington, D. C.

## IN SCRANTON

... you find all Girl Scouts equipment (including officially approved Girl Scout shoes) ... and Boy Scouts too ... on Samters young folks floor ... the second ... only at

**Samters**  
SCRANTON, PA.

## IN MIDDLETOWN

**L. STERN CO.**  
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

## IN ROCHESTER

Girl Scout Apparel  
Headquarters  
**B. Forman Co.**

Patronize the equipment agent in your town—





**T**HIS DEPARTMENT meant to go around the world, too, this month, and it can't for just one reason. We're sadly neglected, for the most part, by our foreign readers. Just why, we aren't sure—and it doesn't add to our self-esteem at all to have our International Box so meagerly filled. So to all you girls from all over the world who didn't write us once this year (we mean 1929, of course), we send both a plea and a stern protest. We'd like to know what you think of us—and if—or how—you'd like us different. And it's not too late to make a resolution for 1930 to write us at least once during the next year.

**S**OMEHOW, whenever we think of Africa, we always have a vision of lions and tigers and camels and nose-rings, when, as a matter of fact, we have a perfectly good AMERICAN GIRL reader, Simone Vuilleumier, in Meknes, Morocco. As for travel—well, she was born in Switzerland, but has lived in England five years and in America eight. "I have been here in Morocco for a year," she writes. "While I was a Girl Scout, belonging to Troop Thirty-four, of Hyde Park High School in Cincinnati, Ohio, I was introduced to your magazine, and haven't left it since. I have very much liked *Carmella Commands*, *The Beacon*, and the stories about Jo Ann, and the Seaman mystery serials that all girls like. All I ask is please to have more contests and allow enough time for foreign entries to arrive."

**G**REAT BRITAIN has a good many representatives this month. For instance, here's Bessie Ralston, of Liverpool, England, who has her troubles with the postman. She writes: "THE AMERICAN GIRL is just great. I can't say, like some, that I anxiously await the postman, as usually I've left for the office before he comes. Neither can I gauge the arrival of THE AMERICAN GIRL, as sometimes it will come during the last week of the month, and another time it won't arrive till about the sixth or eighth of the month. I'm interested in all the stories and doings of the Girl Scouts. You seem to have such jolly troop outings and camps. We do, too, but somehow, you seem to have more of it."

**A**ND Betty Balsom, of Somerset, England, agrees. In fact, she says, "I usually turn to the middle page first and have a good look at the American girls enjoying themselves at camp, and then I

## Well, of All Things!

wish that I was over there with them." And so, we might certainly add, do they!

**H**ERE IS one more letter from E. Maltpress, of Liverpool, England, which makes us feel that in Great Britain, at least, we have a good many interested friends. She writes: "I don't suppose you receive a letter from England every day, do you? I am writing to say how much I enjoy reading THE AMERICAN GIRL. I am a Girl Guide, and I correspond with one of your Girl Scouts in Rhode Island. It was she who introduced THE AMERICAN GIRL to me. Your page, *Well, of All Things!*, is a ripping idea, and I sincerely hope you continue with it. The serial, *Carmella Commands*, is fine. I'm eagerly awaiting the next issue to see what happens."

**B**EING a detective is our long suit—and we are willing to bet our new spring hat against a penny's worth of cinnamon drops that Alice Marie Kilpatrick and Dorothy L. Kilpatrick, of Foremost, Alberta, Canada, are, somehow, related to each other! You never can tell about sisters, though—they sometimes fool you! At any rate, they both liked *Carmella Commands*—Dorothy even goes so far as to say that "it is the best serial story I have seen in your magazine. I think *The Bandit's Canyon* by Rebecca Dare Scott was the best short story." She goes on to "wish we could have another story of the West, with plenty of mad bulls and bucking bronchos and herds of sheep, cattle and horses this time. But I'd want it to have more than one girl and no boys. I'd like something with a thrill in it. (Note to Dorothy: Read *The House with the Cross-eyed Windows*, and *The Misunderstood Bronc* coming soon.) "I like the Jo Ann stories very much. I think the *I Am*

a Girl Who—stories hit the nail on the head every time." Another one in April!

**D**ID YOU ever wonder what kind of girls' magazines are popular in foreign countries? We do—often. That's why we found this letter from Jeanne Brautman, of New York City, so interesting. "Having lived eight of my fourteen years in France, I am more used to French magazines for girls than I am to American ones. I began reading THE AMERICAN GIRL a long time ago, though I only saved enough money to subscribe quite recently. I like it very much, although some of the articles bore me. I enjoy Mary Ellen Scott, and the *I Am a Girl Who*—articles very much, but as I don't like to sew, I cannot take any pleasure in the articles that deal with sewing. I wish THE AMERICAN GIRL would publish some articles for those girls who like to handle a saw, hammer and a keg of nails. My particular problem is a bookcase. Naturally I could not help comparing THE AMERICAN GIRL with the French magazine I used to get. *Suzette's Week* often printed monologues, funny or interesting poems, short sketches for two, three, or four girls, which could be rendered without any scenery, and, once in a while, a big play of three or four acts. I like funny stories like *That Freshman Mascot*. I like Carmella, but I think that she is not leading an exciting enough life, so I am looking forward to *Red Coats and Blue* as a possibly exciting story. I think the *Well, of All Things!* page is splendid."

**F**ROM Makawao, Hawaii, comes this letter written by Dorothy M. Thot, who tells us (and we swell—as much as it's safe—with pride) that "one of my favorite regular features is *Well, of All Things!* because we readers here get a chance to tell you what we like, and, not very frequently, what we don't like. I don't quite agree with Beulah F. McIntire that the cover pictures are getting less beautiful. The covers of November and December surely cannot be surpassed, and they fit so well into the present atmosphere that I can't see what more Beulah would like. However, don't you think that more Edward Poucher covers would be nice? He's my favorite cover painter. I'm simply crazy over Jo Ann and Midge stories. Can we have some more of them? Last of all, I'm glad that you've given *Well, of All Things!* a whole page. Here's hoping it stays forever and ever."

*When you write to advertisers, please mention "The American Girl"*



Etching by Gifford Beal, courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries, New York City

# Cargoes

JOHN MASEFIELD

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir  
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,  
With a cargo of ivory,  
And apes and peacocks,  
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,  
Dipping through the tropics by the palm-green shores,  
With a cargo of diamonds,  
Emeralds, amethysts,  
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack  
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,  
With a cargo of Tyne coal,  
Road-rail, pig-lead,  
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

From "The Story of a Round House"  
Published by The Macmillan Company

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Margaret Mochrie, Editor

March, 1930

## Pataud on Patrol

*The Swiss Alps form a background for this unusual story of two girls and a dog*

By MILDRED CRISS

**S**TORIES like that, Ninon, how can they be true?" "Parts of them are, Yvette. Mountain madness, for instance."

"But the legends themselves, they're fairy tales; aren't they?"

"Jacob and Anna in the legend of *The Wanderer* were real people; they were born here in Chexbres."

Yvette who asked the questions was a frail girl from the Latin Quarter of Paris, one of the many art students there who work and go too long without food in attic studios.

Ninon who answered was a sturdy daughter of the Swiss Alps. Her father's vineyards could not have thrived as they did without Ninon, who worked with him several days a week on the hillsides from dawn until sunset.

Both girls were on the terrace of an old hotel called The Six Cats. It was a low stone and cement house tinted pink, and it clung to one of the steep hillsides that tumble hundreds of feet to the turquoise waters of Lake Geneva. Many years ago The Six Cats had been run by a girl of twelve named Malou. Her father had been killed on the Grand Murveran where he had climbed too early in spring, during the dangerous season when melting ice and snow hurl rocks upon the paths, and avalanches imperil travel.

Ninon had been Malou's work- and playmate at Chexbres; Yvette and Malou became friends at the Art School in Paris where Malou had gone to study with her adopted father, Papa Jacques.

One day at the end of a bitter winter, a Paris doctor had pulled his pointed beard, shaken his head gloomily and told Yvette that she could work no longer, but should go away to rest somewhere in the sun. Had it not been for Malou and Papa Jacques and their old pink home in Switzerland, "somewhere in the sun" would have been an impossible place for Yvette who had no family and scarcely a *sou*. They had sent her there to rest and to feel at home with their warm-hearted housekeeper, Mademoiselle Rose, their grizzly old gardener, Samuel, the cheery Ninon, who lived nearby, and Pataud, whose name means "big feet," a most extraordinary dog with a distinguished ancestry of splendid Saint Bernards.

Yvette had laid aside her sketching this sparkling June afternoon, to listen to Ninon's amazing tales. Pataud sprawled at their feet to dream and snore a little. Numerous cats blinked and dozed on the pink window sills of the old house. The air was sweet with wild rose and new-mown hay; cow-bells tinkled on the hillsides, and to the east, across the turquoise stillness of the lake, rose the snow-white pinnacles of the Alps.

What was their power of luring? Was it mesmerism, or was it beauty that made

PATAUD HAD  
FLUNG HIMSELF,  
BLANKET FASH-  
ION, OVER YVETTE  
TO PROTECT HER



Illustrations by Harvé Stein



one long to conquer perilous summits, there to feel the whole world at one's feet? Their majesty was appalling.

Sunset shadows fell across the terrace of The Six Cats as Ninon went on with the legend of *The Wanderer*. "Jacob and Anna had always loved each other. As children they had driven the goat herds to the mountains every day. He was only eighteen and she just sixteen when they married. They lived in a *châlet* on the slopes of the Grand Murveran. They were very, very happy. But in less than a year the mountain madness came to Jacob. Day after day he would leave Anna, climb to the summits of the Javernaz, the Diablerets and the Grand Murveran. 'I must! I must! I can't stay here below. I love you, but I must go to the peaks! But I'll come back. I'll bring you pretty things.' He'd tell her of the mountain flowers he would find for her. 'I'll bring you *stop-the-beef* and *coucou's breath* and the *yellow goat's beard*. Perhaps I'll find a *dwarf's eye* or a *wolf's mouth* or a *mouse's ear*.' Then he'd go away for days. He didn't want to leave her there alone. The mountain madness drove him. One day on the Murveran he heard a voice crying in the wind, 'Go home! There is danger at the *châlet*!' Down the mountain sides he raced! But when he reached his home he found his wife white and stiff, lying on the bed with something tiny in her arms. It was a baby. Both of them dead! Then—well, then he went mad, really mad, you know. He climbed the Murveran, never, never to return. His spirit's called *The Wanderer*. All day and night it prowls about the cliffs, and when the wind blows hard, they say you can hear it moan."

Yvette was trembling. For days and days she too had longed to climb. Watching the mountains across the lake turn purple from the sunset glow, she said, "I can understand the madness, Ninon. You know, I shouldn't mind dying if I could climb just once to where there's nothing but snow and breeze and cloud and sky."

Ninon looked up startled. "Yvette, promise me something. Promise me that you'll try not to think anymore about climbing! Don't stare at the mountains. They might cast their spell on you! When you're here on the terrace, turn your chair so that you will see only the pine trees and the garden. Promise me, Yvette, will you? I am a little afraid."

She promised.

"And, Yvette, promise me something else, that you will never, never walk anywhere any more, not even in the nearby woods, without Pataud."

At the mention of his name, the old dog lifted his shaggy head, wrinkled his brow thoughtfully as much as to ask, "Is there anything wrong? Do you need me?" With Saint Bernard intuition he had recognized the frightened tone in Ninon's voice. Pataud was a dog of mature responsibility.

She stooped to pat him. "Pataud," she whispered into his woolly ear, "Pataud, I appoint you guardian of Yvette. Don't let her from your sight. It's your chance, you know, to prove once more the noble blood of your ancestors. Take care of Yvette." Ninon laid her hand on Yvette's arm by way of further explanation. "This is Yvette, Pataud. I put you on patrol. Take care of her as if she were Malou."

The intelligent old fellow understood, but at the mention of his mistress' name, he stood up to gaze longingly about the terrace. Malou! There was always hope in his lonely heart that she might come back home. Disappointed not to see her, he lay down again with a sigh, keeping his large brown eyes upon the frail creature placed in his care—a very frail creature indeed, more so even than the newborn calves he had to rescue from out of the way places in the pastures.

"I mustn't talk to Yvette any more about the mountains," thought Ninon on her way home. "I must warn Made-moiselle Rose and Samuel to keep her busy. She's strong enough now to cook and scrub a little and go with Samuel into the hayfields. She must work. It will take her mind off—" Not even to herself did Ninon dare to finish the sentence.

But Yvette did not like to cook and scrub, nor did she enjoy watching Samuel stack the hay. Every morning she would sketch or paint for several hours, and in the afternoons she would wander about the countryside. Pataud, of course, being never more than ten feet from her side.

Gradually the Bise, that menacing north wind in Switzerland, turned summer into fall, and all of Chexbres went to the vineyards to gather the ripened grapes. More than ever now was Pataud responsible for Yvette's safety. He liked to feel important and stepped about proudly with an expression on his noble face that seemed to say, "Why should I not take care of her? Am I not a Saint Bernard? Have not my ancestors devoted their lives to guarding men?"

Old men and women, fathers and mothers, girls and boys and children were toiling in the vineyards, each with a basket or a cart with horse or dog to draw the precious fruit to the presses. No one thought of anything but vineyards now, not even Ninon who borrowed Pataud and his bright red two-wheeled cart to help her father. "I'll bring him back at night, Yvette. Why don't you come too? All hands are needed. Come with us. We'd love to have you."

"Thanks, I may. I'd like to try to paint the old women and the girls in their colored scarfs and aprons, and I'd love to try the vineyards too. They're such a lovely color from the beetle spray; they're turquoise, exactly the same as the lake. I may come down a little later, but I'd be afraid to pick the grapes; I might squash them or something."

Pataud was disgusted at being taken away from Yvette. What did he care for ripened grapes? He hung his huge head dejectedly while Ninon harnessed him to his cart. As Ninon settled herself, begging him please to hurry, he growled a little woefully trying to tell her that she was forgetting the frail one. But Ninon's mind was on her father's vineyard and she told Pataud to stop his foolish grumbling. What could he do? Yvette was left all alone. She

Yvette was left all alone. She painted a little, cooked her own lunch and then went to the terrace to rest in the sun. Never had the mountains looked more beautiful. Never had their snowy fingers beckoned more temptingly. Yvette turned away from them, but the wind in the leaves of the *marronnier* or horsechestnut tree, seemed to whisper, "Why not climb one of the smaller

## EARLY SPRING AT THE WOODS' EDGE

DETLEV VON LILIENCRON

*I* *naked trees about me jackdaws  
shriek,*

*The woodpecker knocks on, busy and  
sly;*

*Over the ferns, hither and yon, a streak  
Of lemon-yellow marks a butterfly.*

*A hawk swoops like an arrow, with  
poised beak,*

*Sheering from the plow-handle toward  
the sky.*

*Heaven, the bud-sower, shows a laugh-  
ing cheek,*

*And from the fields the Easter-psalms  
ring high.*

From "Contemporary German Poetry"  
Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York.



NINON LOOKED UP AT YVETTE WHO WAS GAZING AT THE MOUNTAINS BEFORE HER

"PROMISE ME, YVETTE, THAT YOU WILL NOT WALK ANYWHERE WITHOUT PATAUD"

peaks? Why not climb the Tour de Gourse. You know the path. It starts through the woods at the turn of the main road. Climb the Tour de Gourse!"

Yvette forgot her promise to Ninon, forgot the friendly warning of Mademoiselle Rose and Samuel, forgot even that her faithful escort, Pataud, was not there to go with her. She climbed the Tour de Gourse. If only she had started in the morning with many hours of daylight before her! If she had thought to carry an extra coat, or wear stout shoes! If only she had understood the Bise in the *marronnier*. It had said clearly to all those who knew its voice, "Cold night and storm! I'm bringing fickle weather from the North." But no! In a kind of dream Yvette started up the wooded path that winds its way to the barren heights of the Tour de Gourse.

She had gone but a short way before the well-marked path turned into an extremely rough and narrow trail. Many places were ankle deep in mud. Before long the trail became a brook-bed. She stumbled again and again. Shoes for Paris streets are poor protection against gnarled roots,

rolling stones and water. Yet she went on determinedly.

How hot it was! The thick woods cut off all the wind. From the exertion of climbing, Yvette's thin clothing was wet with perspiration; her legs ached, and her feet, partly from the mud clinging to them, and partly from fatigue, felt twenty times their usual weight. Her sides felt like bellows about to burst.

But she would not stop. On over boulders as round and smooth as the back of the hippopotamus in his muddy bath at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. Fallen tree-trunks barred the way and there were endless steps of jagged rock too high to climb except on her hands and knees.

She struggled on for an hour or more and then came to a cliff above the timber line where the wind felt cool as water splashing on her face. It tasted good. Yvette walked faster now; the trail was almost level and she longed to reach the higher shoulders of the Gourse. Before long she found herself on a promontory that towered over the lake and the valley of the Rhone. How the wind blew!

(Continued on page 38)

SHE HAS SPARK-  
LING BROWN EYES,  
CHESTNUT HAIR,  
AND A LOVELY  
FRESH COMPLEXION



AS THE PRIME  
MINISTER'S HOST-  
ESS, HER POSITION  
IS SECOND ONLY  
TO THE QUEEN'S

# Ishbel MacDonald

**I**F YOU should meet Ishbel MacDonald just casually, as an unknown, you might

never suspect what an important person this twenty-six year old girl really is. If you had seen this daughter of Great Britain's Prime Minister in tweed skirt and red sports jacket striding the decks of the giant liner that brought her to America last fall with her father, the sea breezes ruffling her chestnut hair, making brighter her fine dark eyes, heightening the color of her rosy cheeks, quickening her sportsman-like gait, your first thought would probably have been, "Here is a bonnie Scotch lassie whom I should like to know. I am sure she is jolly, no end of fun and that she does something interesting."

But unless someone had told you of her official status, you would never dream from her youthful appearance and unassuming manner that she is the most prominent young woman in the British Isles, second in social position only to the Queen. And her quiet grace makes her very popular.

By MARGARET NORRIS

As eldest daughter of the Prime Minister—a motherless daughter, it happens—she is her father's official hostess at Number Ten Downing Street, London, the official mansion of the British government. To reduce it to terms of our own country, it is like being mistress of the White House. In England it is a position of social and political prominence outranked only by Queen Mary herself.

In this sedate old English mansion Ishbel receives her father's guests, sits with them at table, chats with them, entertains them. Some of them are potentates of foreign lands, some are great peers of England, many are labor leaders and others are not distinguished at all. For Ramsay MacDonald's is a Labor ministry and Miss Ishbel is the first Labor hostess. She must be charming, diplomatic and tactful, and she must often appear at court with the King and Queen. It is a job to tax the wits of a woman twice her age, with honors enough to turn the head of any girl in



her twenties. Ishbel was elevated to it suddenly, for she is not of noble birth. She is by far the youngest mistress Downing Street ever has had, yet she bears her honors modestly and with dignity and poise. Her simplicity is her great charm.

She is a wholesome, fine looking girl whose sturdy build and abundant health are suggestive of an outdoor life on the rain-swept moors of Scotland. Before she landed in America a reporter who interviewed her on shipboard broadcasted the news that "Ishbel MacDonald doesn't even powder her nose." She does not censure those who do use cosmetics, but powder and rouge on a skin like hers would be painting the lily. Would that her kind of color could be bought! She has sparkling brown eyes, the merriest of smiles, and curly chestnut brown hair which she wears loosely and fluffily coiled in two little buns at the nape of her neck. Though she makes no pretense at being *chic*, she is nevertheless exceedingly good to look upon; everything about her is gleaming with health, good humor and intelligence.

Shortly before she landed in New York, the stewardess on her corridor of the ship, who confessed she had fallen prey to the charms of this distinguished passenger, begged the privilege of packing her trunk.

"But I have no trunk," said the Prime Minister's daughter. "I brought only two bags on my voyage and very few dresses. See, I can fold them in quite easily myself." And in a moment her bags were neatly packed.

She might have had Paris gowns, had she chosen to bring them, but for reasons of her own she did not, and only the fashion artist missed them. It may have been by a conscious stroke of diplomacy that this daughter of the Prime Minister was admired in America for something more than her fine feathers.

America gave Ramsay MacDonald and his daughter a reception worthy of royalty. It was the first time a British Prime Minister had ever visited this country while in office, which made it a memorable occasion, with his daughter sharing the honors. They were welcomed at New York harbor by cheering crowds, bands and flags, the Mayor presented them with the key to the city and they were carried to Washington on a special train. Here Ramsay MacDonald discussed with President Hoover lofty plans for world peace and



Miss Ishbel was entertained by Mrs. Hoover at the White House. One afternoon she watched a group of Girl Scouts playing games at the White House, on the lawn.

"They do seem to be having good fun," said Ishbel.

"I wish that I might join them."

Every move she made, every word she spoke was recorded on the front pages of every newspaper in the country. An entire boatload of reporters sailed out to meet her in New York harbor, clambered aboard her ship, took possession of her, plied her with all sorts of questions.

"What do you think of the modern girl?" she was asked by one young reporter.

"I like her very much," she replied, defending her own sex.

"More than the Victorian girl?"

"But I never knew the Victorian girl; she died long before I was born, but on the stage she looks very attractive."

"Do you think every woman should have a job?"

"I think every woman should have some work, but it does not have to be a paid job," was Ishbel's tactful answer.

In spite of herself, her visit to us was accompanied by a blaze of publicity. Reporters followed her to Washington, back to New York, into Canada. In Washington so many flashlights were taken of herself and her father that the newly painted pillars of the White House had to be redecorated, so blackened were they by the powder. Yet she met the barrage of camera men and reporters gracefully and courteously. Though she does not like the limelight, she makes the best of it.

The story of Ishbel MacDonald reads like a fairy tale in which strange political circumstance was the wand of the fairy godmother that raised her almost over night to giddy heights of prominence such as few girls ever attain.

The name *Ishbel* is Gaelic or peasant Scotch for Elizabeth. By heritage, of course, she is

(Continued on page 61)



(ABOVE) THE PRIME MINISTER AND HIS DAUGHTER COME TO AMERICA  
(BELOW) A GLIMPSE OF THE FAMOUS TEN DOWNING STREET

# The Revenge of



EMMA HANNAH  
GREW HOT WITH IN-  
DIGNATION. HORRID,  
MEAN DISAGREEABLE  
CATS, LEAVING HER  
OUT OF EVERYTHING!

AS FOUR B said, she certainly was a "rummy kid". Her name may have had something to do with her rumminess. Even in these days of aristocratic Elizabeths, Susans and Janes, you do not often come across an Emma or a Hannah. When you get the two together, combined with the arresting surname of Snuggs, you can understand at once that the bearer is bound in some way to be a marked person in a big, modern girls' school.

Emma Hannah Snuggs! Four B exploded in giggles when the unlucky owner of the name answered up to it on her first day at school. Not that the members of the form really meant to laugh at the name itself. They were not quite such a bad-mannered set of girls as all that. It was the way everything happened that made it seem so funny. Miss Marshall, reading the register, stumbled over the new girl's name. "Emma Anna,"—she began, then pulled herself up and altered it—so Four B averred—to "H'Emma Hannah," before she finally got it right—"Emma Hannah Snuggs." It was the fact that Miss Marshall, always so exacting as to the way in which you pronounced your words, should drop an "h", that made the thing so excruciatingly funny to Four B—though naturally it wasn't possible to make either Miss Marshall or Emma Hannah understand the reason for the laughter.

Emma Hannah blushed a fiery red as she rose to her feet and said "Here, Miss." She had come up with a scholarship from an elementary school, and was dreadfully worried and confused, on this her first morning, as to how she should conduct herself in the unfamiliar environment. Miss Marshall froze the titterers with an icy glance that swept along the lines of desks like a blast from a northeast wind along the pavement on a bitter January day.

"Sit down, Emma. There is no need for you to stand when answering to your name. Just say 'present,' as the other girls do, another time. Dorothy Hall, Phyllis Reynolds, Marie Hillcott, Violet Sharpe, Muriel Gillingham,"—naming the chief of the gigglers. "You will kindly remain behind whilst the rest of the form goes into the prayers. Doris Anderson, will you please lead the way to Chapel in Muriel's place just for today. Follow Doris,

Emma. She will show you where to sit for prayers."

Four B obediently filed its way out of the classroom, and marched sedately through the corridors to the private Chapel attached to St. Agatha's School. Some five or six minutes later, five shamefaced people, led by their form mistress, scurried into their places just in time to join in the opening hymn. Emma Hannah Snuggs never heard what happened in Four B classroom during those few minutes. But not being altogether devoid of intelligence, she guessed that, whatever it was, it had something to do with her unlucky name, and she was dreadfully shy and embarrassed when she was forced to mingle with the gigglers again.

The name assumed gigantic proportions to Emma Hannah as the term wore on. Answering to it at roll call each morning became a fearful ordeal, even though Miss Marshall soon dropped the Hannah and enquired only for Emma Snuggs. It erected an effective barrier between the new girl and the rest of the form. To do them justice, the other girls, Dorothy, Phyllis and Violet in particular, taking Miss Marshall's first day lecture to heart, tried to make friends with their new companion. But the trying had not been altogether whole-hearted, and when Emma Hannah brusquely rejected their overtures—it was shyness as much as anything else that made her so brusque—they had just shrugged their shoulders and left her to herself.

"She doesn't *want* to be friends, so why bother about her? Let her chum up with the other scholarship girls if she wants somebody to go about with," said Dorothy, as she and Violet and Phyllis were walking homewards together after school—St. Agatha's was a day school—on the afternoon when the overtures had been rejected.

Unfortunately, chumming up with the other scholarship girls was just what Emma Hannah wasn't able to do. Emma Hannah didn't live in Chesterfield, really—that is to say, her home wasn't there. She lived in a little village some miles away from the town, and she was stopping with an aunt during term time, in order that she might attend more easily the school in which she had been allotted a free place. She was the first girl from her village who had succeeded in winning a secondary school scholarship and none of her old friends had come up with her; and all the other free place scholars had their own sets of friends and acquaintances, in none of which, it seemed, was there a place for Emma Hannah. Or, if there was, poor Emma Hannah was too brusque and shy to find it! And she remained lonely and isolated in the midst of the busy, bustling life about her, and devoted herself to lessons instead of to friendships—thereby winning for herself the reputation of being a "beastly swot," and not increasing her popularity in the slightest.

"Little rotter! What does she want to go getting such high marks for? It's all very well for *her*. She doesn't play hockey or take drawing or singing, and she never cares to play games in break or after dinner. She's got nothing else to do but mug up her lessons, so of course it's easy enough for *her* to get top every time. But it's beastly rough luck on the rest of us," lamented Dorothy Hall, after class one Monday morning. Monday was mark-reading day, and for the third week in succession Emma Hannah's name had headed Four B's list, thereby calling forth some caustic comments from Miss Marshall on the subject of the older members of Four B allowing a new girl to get so far ahead of them. It was disgraceful!

"What's rough luck?" asked Violet, emerging from her

# H'Emma 'Annah

An English school story by  
CHRISTINE CHAUNDLER

desk just in time to catch the last part of Dorothy's lament.

"H'Emma 'Annah's being such a swot," explained Dorothy. Violet giggled apprehensively.

"Do take care Marshie doesn't hear you! She was talking to Miss Phelps just outside the door a moment ago," she warned.

"No? Was she really?" Dorothy, whose desk was at the back of the room, rushed to the door and looked out. Then she turned back again with a relieved expression on her face.

"It's all right. She's not there now. What a scare you gave me! After all the beastly things she said that first day I wouldn't have her hear me making fun of H'Emma 'Annah's name for anything," she exclaimed.

But though Miss Marshall hadn't heard, somebody else had. There was a big cupboard in Four B classroom, where maps and dusters and spare stationery and such things were kept. It was Emma Hannah's week for being classroom monitress, and she was standing out of sight behind the cupboard door, finding the right place to file the sectional map of France, when Dorothy spoke. Four B had forgotten all about her and Dorothy hadn't meant her to hear what she said, while Emma Hannah, for her part, hadn't meant to eavesdrop. But as it was, she simply couldn't help overhearing. And having overheard, she was far too shy to come out and disclose her presence. Instead, she pressed closer behind the door and kept as still as a mouse, listening in agony to all the uncomplimentary remarks Four B made about her, and never stirred until all the members of the form had gone and the classroom was empty.

So they didn't like her being good at lessons, didn't they! What on earth did they think she had come to school for? Just to look on whilst other people did things and made fun of her name? Emma Hannah grew hot with indignation. Horrid, mean, disagreeable *cats*! Leaving her out of everything—not letting her have any of the fun they themselves had out of school, and then grudging her the little triumph she could attain in class! Oh, if

only she could think of some way to pay them all out for their meanness! If only, only, only she could somehow have revenge!

However, there seemed no chance of paying anybody out at the moment. And Emma Hannah put the map away and came out of the cupboard and finished tidying the classroom, and then wandered out into the playing-field to wait till the bell should ring. She felt more lonely and more miserable than she had ever done before, and wished again and again that her parents had not given her such a terrible combination of names.

All the rest of that day, Emma Hannah brooded sullenly over her wrongs and longed savagely for a chance of revenge. And then, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, a chance for vengeance came.

It was one of Miss Marshall's peculiarities that, in addition to dictating the homework to be done every day at the conclusion of her classes, she chalked it up upon the blackboard and required the members of her form to compare the notes they had taken with the blackboard directions before they went home in the evenings.

"Then I shall make certain that you have really got down your preparation correctly, and I shall not have people telling me at the next lesson that I said read up Henry VIIth's reign instead of Henry VIIIth's, or assuring me positively that I told them to fill in the mountains of Asia upon their outline maps and not the rivers of England," the mistress said with dry irony. Thereafter, Four B, much to its disgust, was obliged to try to remember to examine



"LITTLE ROTTER! WHAT DOES SHE WANT TO GET SUCH HIGH MARKS FOR? IT'S ROUGH LUCK ON THE REST OF US," LAMENTED DOROTHY HALL

Illustrations by  
Frederic  
Dorr Steele



the notes upon the blackboard each evening before it left school for its various homes and after-school activities.

It seldom *did* remember. This was the form's first term in the Fourth, and the habits it had acquired in the Third were still strong. Miss Froyle, the Third Form mistress, was much more easy-going than was Miss Marshall. Miss Froyle, as long as some sort of preparation was done, never minded especially what it was. Henry VII was just as good as Henry VIII to Miss Froyle. It was tiresome that Miss Marshall should be so particular. It was a fearful bother to have to remember to look at the blackboard each day before going home. Really, too, it was quite unnecessary. As long as one wrote down exactly what prep one had to do at the end of class, there could not possibly be any mistake. After a day or two, Four B fell back into



its old ways, and Miss Marshall's carefully chalked up notes were disregarded—except by silly swots like Emma Hannah.

Then had come a day when Miss Marshall had changed her mind about the history preparation and wrote up upon the blackboard altered directions as to the work she wished done. And nobody in the form—except Emma Hannah—took any heed. Miss Marshall had been dreadfully annoyed—wouldn't allow any marks for the prep that had been done, refused even to read the papers to see if they were right, informed Four B that it *was* to look at the board each afternoon before it left for home, and threatened that, if such a thing should occur again, every person who was careless enough to do the wrong homework should be KEPT IN on the next half-holiday to do the right. And to be kept in on a half-holiday at St. Agatha's was a terrible disgrace! For quite three weeks after that threat, every member of Four B looked at the blackboard before going home.

Then for a long time nothing of the sort happened again, and security began to breed contempt. The form once more grew careless. Little by little it dropped back into its old ways, and although Miss Marshall continued religiously to chalk up the homework on the board each day, only Emma Hannah and one or two of the other scholarship girls ever bothered to look at it. Even the other scholarship girls didn't always read it, and so it happened that on the very afternoon of the day when Emma Hannah had overheard the conversation, the new girl was the only person in Four B who knew that Miss Marshall had altered the preparation again. Instead of leaving the form to work out the six examples of short division she had already set for the next arithmetic class, she had chalked up the numbers of six *long* division sums instead.

Emma Hannah's eyes shone with unholy joy as she saw the alteration. She was almost certain that the other members of Four B had not noticed it. And if they hadn't, they shouldn't have a chance to notice it now. As classroom mistress, it was her duty to clean the blackboard each night before she left school. In feverish haste, she noted down the changes in the work, flew to wet the sponge, and then, the classroom being empty by this time, she washed and cleaned with wholehearted energy the surface of the board.

Nobody had seen the changed numbers of the sums; Emma Hannah was almost sure of that. Every single member of the form except herself would work out the wrong problems. And on Wednesday morning, which was when the next arithmetic lesson took place, Miss Marshall would be furiously angry and fulfil her threat by keeping all the wrongdoers in on Wednesday afternoon.

And in this lay the sting of Emma Hannah's revenge—the members of Four B had arranged a hockey match for Wednesday afternoon with some friends from a

neighboring school. Dorothy Hall, Phyllis Reynolds, Marie Hillcott, Violet Sharpe, Muriel Gillingham, Doris Anderson, Freda Barnes, Nan Glynde, Priscilla Devon, Winifred Rookwood—all Emma Hannah's most hated enemies—were playing. They had been talking about it for days past. They were playing in a field belonging to Phyllis Reynold's father, and they were all going back to tea at Dorothy Hall's house, and after tea there was going to be hide and seek, and blind man's buff and dancing to a gramophone and all sorts of other jolly things. If Four B was to be kept in on Wednesday afternoon, it would upset everything. And Miss Marshall was a lady of her word. She *would* keep the form in if preparation were done wrong. Emma Hannah had been at St. Agatha's quite long enough to be sure of that.

Four B hadn't noticed the change of homework. Emma Hannah learnt that the next day in break, when Dorothy appealed to all and sundry to know what was the answer to one of the short division sums.

"I make it thirty-three and a half," Doris Anderson told her, and Nan and Marie and Violet, and two of the scholarship girls confirmed the statement.

"Good! Then I've got one right, anyway," said Dorothy with a sigh of relief. "Marshie said she'd give me an impost if I got nought again for arithmetic, and goodness knows I shan't want any extra work to do tomorrow night! I think I've got number four right as well, but as long as I'm certain of one it doesn't matter. Nan, we want you to play right half tomorrow instead of back. You won't mind, will you? Winnie Rookwood says she won't play at all unless she can be a back, and it's no earthly good putting Muriel half—she can't run for toffee."

That was all right then! Everybody in the form had done the wrong sum, and tomorrow Miss Marshall's wrath would descend upon the hockey players' luckless heads. Emma Hannah felt rather sorry for Daphne Goodyear and Ethel Green and the other scholarship girls. They weren't playing hockey, and they hadn't teased her about her name—it seemed rather a shame to get them into trouble, too. But they were not likely to be doing anything very

special tomorrow afternoon, and anyway, she couldn't risk telling them. They might spoil her revenge by passing the information on.

Emma Hannah was on tenter hooks all day for fear that Miss Marshall should herself give the form notice of the changed preparation. But Miss Marshall didn't. The long hours wore away, four o'clock came at last, and the bell rang for end of school. The mistress who had been taking the last lesson gathered up her books and departed. Four B scrambled its necessary text books and exercise books into its satchels and did the same. And Emma Hannah cleaned the blackboard and tidied the classroom, and walked briskly homewards, gloating over the blow that was in store for her enemies when tomorrow's arithmetic class should find them wanting!

And then, quite suddenly,  
(Continued on page 42)



IN DRESSING-GOWN AND SLIPPERS, EMMA HANNAH STOLE DOWNSTAIRS TO FOIL HER CAREFULLY LAID PLAN



IF YOU ARE VERY AMBITIOUS, YOU MAY WISH TO DECORATE YOUR SMOCK AS LAVISHLY AS THE REAL RUSSIAN ONE SHOWN IN THE CENTER

# Gay Threads and a Needle

*You can make a smock or a blouse yourself—and, if you want it truly Russian, embroider it in red and black on a white background*

NOT ALL of us are lucky enough to own a Russian smock, but I am sure everyone would like to. Once in a great while there are a few for sale in an importing shop, or the rare traveler to Russia brings home one or two. Fortunate indeed are the girls who own one of these gorgeously embroidered things. They are made of heavy hand-woven white linen and are invariably worked in black and red, the typical colors of Russian embroidery. Worn as a smock they are very practical because the material is strong and the colors wash beautifully. Or with a hand-woven girdle of red braid, they can be changed into stunning frocks.

As I said in the beginning, we can't all own a Russian smock, but we can make something ourselves that is very nearly as nice and even more practical. Here are some ways of adapting this lovely Russian embroidery to your smock, blouse or dress.

The original model shown here in the center above is of coarse, hand-woven white linen. On it are three different patterns worked together to form a fine, cross-stitch embroidery. There is a narrow border, a wider border and a lovely big individual flower with four leaves that has been combined into the third border. You will find these three designs worked out in detail just as they are found on the original smock. Of course the original embroidery was all worked on the thread of the linen background, but this is very hard on the eyes and not at all

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

Illustrations by Jean Calhoun

necessary. It is much better to buy cross-stitch canvas at an embroidery shop, baste it carefully on the material so that it will follow the direction of the weaving

as nearly as possible, and do your cross-stitch on that.

This cross-stitch canvas comes in various sizes, and the size you choose should depend upon the material you are planning to use and the coarseness or fineness of the effect you wish to obtain with your embroidery. Of course, on heavy linen or homespun, your stitch may be fairly coarse, but on handkerchief linen or *crêpe de chine* you would want a much finer design and stitch. If you are working on linen or cotton fabric you will want to use DMC six-strand cotton, using from two to six strands in your needle, depending once more on the size of your cross-stitch. For a jersey blouse or dress, or homespun coat, you could use Shetland wool or any other four-ply yarn.

Now as to color. On a white background, black and red is always the most effective color scheme and is, of course, typical of the original Russian embroidery. On a white blouse to be worn either with a red or blue suit, the design worked in red and blue would be very dashing. On a dress of soft green jersey, try working out the design in yellow and orange, and on a coat of pale yellow homespun, the rose would be stunning in blue and green. If you keep to only two colors and have your embroideries fairly brilliant, you will be quite safe. I remember my despair once when, after having worked up a design for a gorgeous Russian

blouse, to be embroidered in red and black, I met someone walking down the street clothed in a blouse she had made from my design, embroidered in pink and green. Russian embroideries are always vivid against their white backgrounds, just as the costumes and characteristics of the Russian people stand out vividly in a snowy landscape. You may be interested to know that, in Russian, the word which means beautiful is the same as the word which means red. Ruddy young girls are therefore beautiful. And most of the embroidery and decorations which the Russians use in their religious worship are red. It is because of all this vividness of the original designs that the Russian embroideries should never be translated into pastel shades. Now let's see what we can work out in smocks and frocks for ourselves, using the designs shown here.

First of all let's choose a very simple smock pattern. Most of those that you buy button down the front. If you prefer that type, let's make it something like the first style on page fifteen I worked out on the collar and cuffs and the tops of the pockets. After the smock is cut out, baste your canvas on the pieces you wish to embroider, and by careful measurement and counting, center your design so that it will fit the pattern nicely. Then do the cross-stitch, being careful always to have the top thread of the stitch cross in the same direction. After the cross-stitch is finished, rub the canvas between your hands until it is very soft and then pull out the threads one by one. This will leave only the embroidery itself. Then press on the wrong side with a damp cloth and make up your smock, following the directions on the pattern.

If you would rather have a smock that slips on over your head, as I do, you can just ignore the front opening when you are cutting it out. Be sure to cut off the hems where the buttons and buttonholes are supposed to be so that the smock will not be too large across the front. Before making it up, plan your cross-stitch design. The rose pattern will fit the V neck better if it is used with the rose at the bottom, as it is on the smock at the right in the illustration at the beginning of this article. See that the center of your design is exactly on the crease of the center of the smock, then embroider it. Next arrange the same design on each sleeve between the wrist and elbow. This time the design will be better right side up. After the canvas is removed and the roses pressed under a damp cloth, make up the smock according to the pattern you use.

The raglan sleeve is the very latest thing in Paris for the tuck-in blouse, and of course you must have several tuck-in blouses this season. Made of batiste or *crêpe de Chine* or jersey, it will be equally lovely. First of all, cut it out and baste it. Then have your mother or sister run a basting thread down the middle of your shoulder and over the top of your arm, marking the middle line of your sleeve. In this way you will be sure to get the design in the right place. This is enough embroidery for the blouse, as smart simplicity is the thing with the tailored suit.

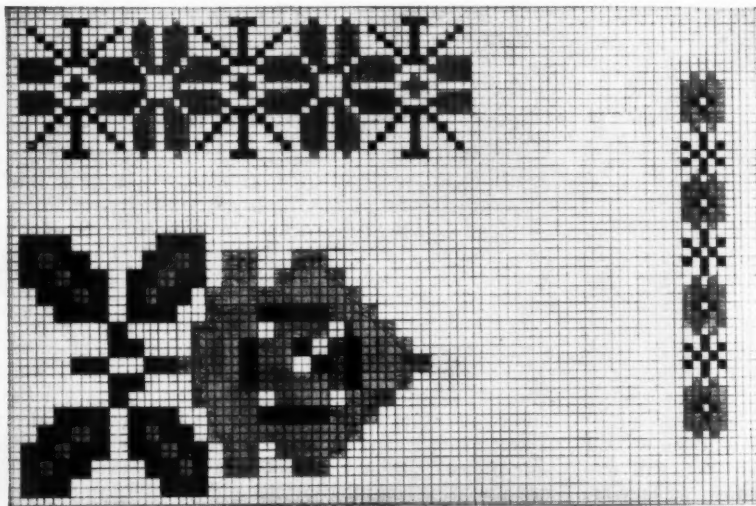
Of course you will want one of the sports dresses with the new elbow sleeve. What could be nicer for tennis, rowing or even school. For summer it may be made in linen or silk, for spring or fall in jersey or light weight flannel. For this model use the very narrow border—the design at the right at the bottom of this page—and keep it on very simple lines.

You will find that the simpler types of smocks are very useful and practical for protecting your better dresses. They are just the thing for gardening, watering the lawn, painting furniture, working around the house, and almost any other kind of activity at home. When you make smocks to work in, it is better to choose a material whose color will not quickly show soil and wear. Blues, tans, and grays are thoroughly practical, and embroidered simply in vivid colors, these smocks are always becoming.

These are only a few suggestions of the way you may adapt these gorgeous Russian designs to any sort of costume you want to make. You will probably think of loads of other lovely color schemes, and interesting patterns, and fascinating materials yourself, and it will be much more fun to work out your own ideas than to follow anybody else's. It is the little individual touches on frocks or blouses that make people think you are well dressed. Sometimes you can even add these touches yourself to a ready made garment and nobody will ever suspect that it came from a department store. Do try some experiments and let us know the results. We love to hear of things that you girls have made for yourselves.

And after you have become skilled in making things for yourself, you will doubtless wish to make any number of things for other members of your family—from a picturesque apron for your mother to a bib for the baby.

You may cut your smock from any good smock pattern. I have used Pictorial Review Pattern Number 3742 and Butterick Pattern Number 1057. The blouse is Pictorial Review Pattern Number 5096. The dress may be cut from a simple sports dress pattern or it may be one of the square-cut models, so easy to make, which I described in the magazine last year.



THESE SIMPLE EMBROIDERY DESIGNS, TAKEN FROM A REAL RUSSIAN PEASANT SMOCK, CAN BE WORKED ON CROSS-STITCH CANVAS AND ADAPTED TO YOUR NEEDS







# “Captain” Hildegard

*She is a real girl—the author knows her well—and before she was fourteen she had sailed the dangerous waters of the Red Sea*

TRAVELERS to India and the Far East have no love for the Red Sea. From Suez to the strait

of Bab el Mandeb it lies, they will tell you, like a blistering trough between black walls of jagged volcanic peaks—Egypt on the one hand and Arabia on the other. At dead calm, the hot air quivers over blazing water; wind means a blast of devastating desert heat or the stifling dust of sand-storms. Glimpses of coast show bare stretches of sand and rock, desolate as a moon-country and as empty—or so it seems—of all living things. Languidly stretched in their deck-chairs, the passengers for Singapore and Hongkong watch the triangular sail of an occasional Arab *boutre* and wonder with idle pity that human beings should navigate so inhospitable a waste.

But to one youthful navigator, at least, the Red Sea represents the most wonderful spot in the world. And what is more, to Hildegard, the Red Sea means “home.” A schoolgirl—or as she would say, an “exile”—in Paris during the winter months, she counts the days to the July vacation which every year sets her free to cruise until autumn in the Red Sea on one of her father’s fishing boats.

Hildegard knows the Red Sea by heart—not as a tourist

By IDA TREAT

from the decks of comfortable liners that steam sedately down the middle of the channel quite as if the whole Red Sea

were nothing more than an annex to the Suez Canal. For Hildegard, the Red Sea means sailing in dangerous coastwaters against head winds and tricky currents, among coral reefs not marked on any chart. She is undoubtedly the only white girl to travel in a sailboat from Aden to Suez—not once but a dozen times. She does not consider herself a passenger for she takes her turn at the wheel like any one of the crew of Somalis. Even her father admits that Hildegard at fourteen is nearly as good a steersman as any of his sailors. Better, according to Mohamid Aly, the mate; but Mohamid Aly’s opinion may be a trifle prejudiced. He has always been Hildegard’s devoted ally.

On the Red Sea coast, no one except her mother has ever called her Hildegard. An outlandish foreign name, her dark-skinned Dankali friends have always insisted. Hildegard agrees with them. Long before she was “civilized”—that is to say before she was sent to France to school six years ago—Hildegard christened herself Fatouma. And Fatouma she is still called from one end of

(Continued on page 44)

# Sister to Gjeloš

*The story of a feud in the mountains of Albania, where for centuries time seems to have stood still, and of the courage of a girl*

LUL WAS weaving. She knelt before the crude narrow loom and wove away with her bobbin. Near her the tiny window without glass, set in the rough stone wall above her head, gave little light, but a good fire burned on the central hearth and, as the orange flames shot up halfway to the low woven brushwood ceiling of the room of her home, she could see clearly, and her work went fast. She wove heavy white wool cloth for Gjeloš's new Easter suit.

Gjeloš was her brother, and as she wove, Lul thought of him. He was older than she, but not too much older to have been always her playmate and companion. When tiny, they had played about the earthen floor together. And they had peeped through the wicker bars of the pen that filled one end of the room to watch the sheep munching at the half-dried branches of green leaves. Later, as legs grew longer, they had helped their father, Zef, to plant corn and had gone with their mother, Zina, to gather wood. Then, as a small boy and smaller girl, they had taken Zef's little flock to pasture and had sat together all day under the summer sky, sung shepherd songs and gathered mountain flowers. Lul thought of that. *Lula*, they called the flowers. And Gjeloš would give one to Lul saying, "This is your namesake, Lul." And Lul would say, "The flower has many brothers and sisters but I—I have only you, Gjeloš." And Gjeloš would laugh while Lul looked at him with serious eyes.

No one keeps track of birthdays in the mountains of Albania, and Lul did not know that she was fourteen. But she knew how to knit socks and the slipper-socks called *shputa* that they all wore inside their raw-hide moccasins. And she could spin. And she could braid on the wicker frame miles of the wide black braid that edged their clothes. And now she wove.

Today as she worked, her eyes would wander now and then about the dim room. She could hear Zina in the half-dark behind her mixing the yellow cornmeal to be baked in the hot ashes for midday bread. And she could see Zef sitting cross-legged near the fire setting fresh cartridges into a brand new cartridge belt. For whom? And then she saw tall Gjeloš rise from his place beside his father near the hearth, go to the wooden pegs set in the wall near the door, and take down from the wall his grandfather's rifle. Now why?

Gjeloš sat down again by Zef, and taking a cloth and Zef's small case of oil he began cleaning the unused gun. He cleaned and cleaned, and oiled and polished it, unscrewed the parts and screwed them back again and so worked all morning while Lul was weaving.

At length, just before Zina finished baking bread, he called Lul over to him, "Lul, come here." And Lul left weaving and went over to where he sat cross-legged by the fire.

He held the rifle in his two hands for her to see. "Look, *muttra*, this is to be mine now. I am a man at last, and Zef has filled my belt with cartridges."

Lul's eyes grew wide. "Yesterday you were just a boy," she said, reluctant to admit that Gjeloš had reached manhood while she felt herself still a girl, not yet grown up.

By ELIZABETH C. MILLER

Illustrations by Heinz Worch

"Each day brought manhood nearer," said Gjeloš, pride shining from his clear gray eyes, "and now—I go on the trails armed as a

man, and deserving of the respect that is due to a man." Lul's eyes, soft hazel-colored eyes, clouded a bit. "A man's respect, yes," she answered, "you go with that, but you go also with a man's danger. Be careful, brother. You and I know there is no feud against our house. Zef owes no blood nor need take any vengeance. Then let your rifle keep silence that this peace may last for all of us—and you." Her voice trembled ever so little. Anxiously she gazed and put no hand out to touch the weapon that he held.

Gjeloš threw back his well-set head and drew in quick breath through his fine aquiline nose so like his father's. His nostrils swelled, his gray eyes flashed again, then laughter broke from his firm boyish mouth and his white teeth showed. "You fear for me, silly little sister. Why fear? I know the duty of a man. And save for shots of greeting and farewell and save for shooting at the rocks to hear the grand sound echoing against the stone walls of our hills, my rifle shall not speak—unless my honor bids it. If that bidding comes, remember, it will speak not for my honor only but for yours and Zef's and Zina's. I am now, with Zef, guardian of our house and its clean name and honorable blood."

Lul let her eyes fall and rest on the red coals of the hearth before them. She murmured, "But I wish you were a boy—like yesterday."

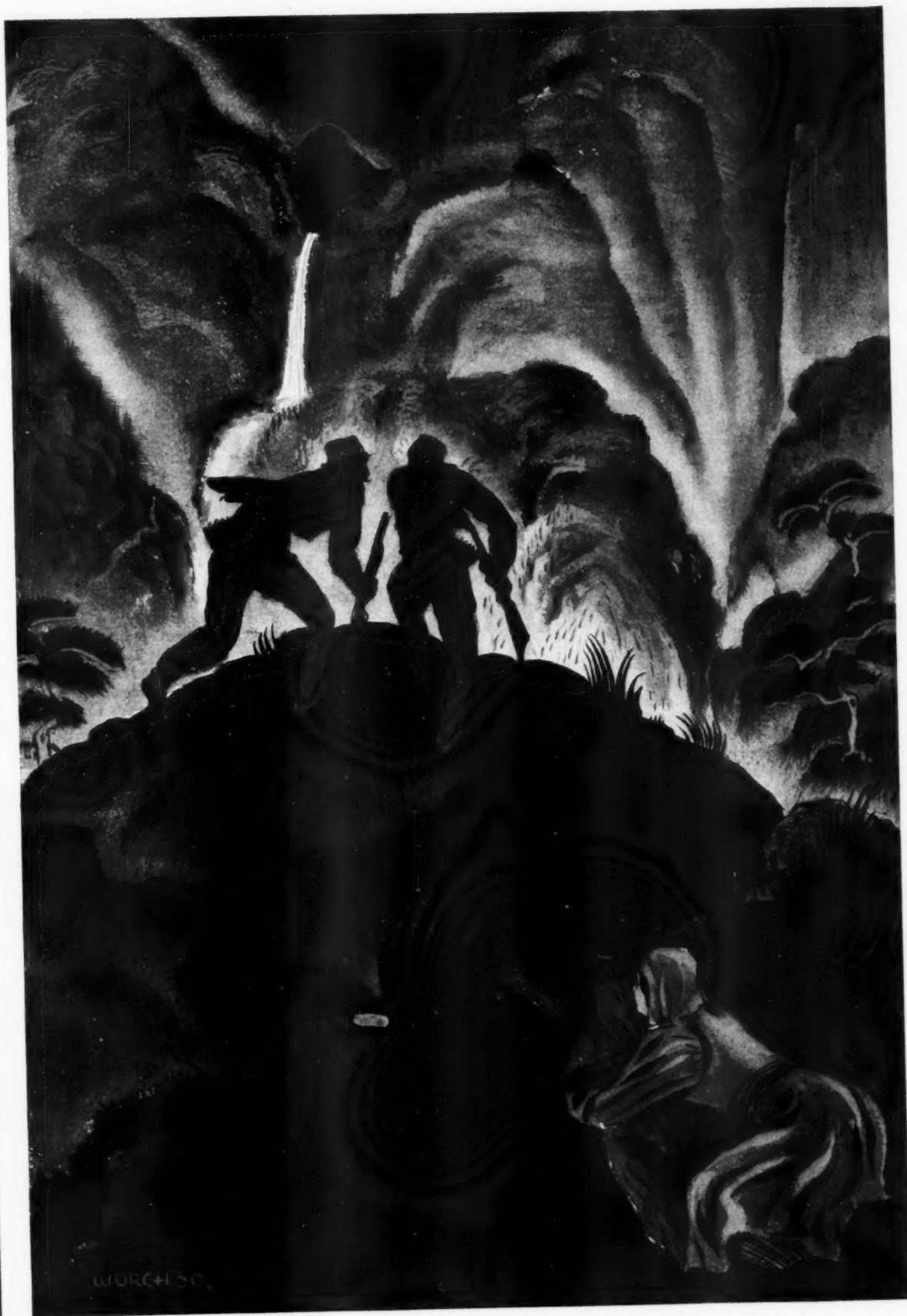
But Gjeloš did not hear, for Zef came to the hearth bearing the heavy belt to try it on Gjeloš. "Stand up, young guardian and my right arm," he said in his deep strong voice. "Stand and let's see if you have girth enough to wear a man's proper girdle."

Lul's eyes went to Zef's face. "He is proud, too," she thought. "Men are like that." But her own heart beat a slow sad rhythm in her breast. She knew from merely living in these wild isolated hills since birth how small a matter a man's honor sometimes rested on—a heated argument, a veiled insult, the merest taunt—another's rifle shot and then—the feud with all its toll of death. *Gjak* was her word for blood, and *gjak*—the taking of alternate lives on either side of a quarrel—lasted down generations. How seldom was payment to end a feud, though Lek, the lawgiver of ancient times, had left a payment system for their use that could end *gjak* forever. "Men are like that."

She looked at Gjeloš strapping on his belt, slinging his gleaming rifle by its thick strap over his boyish shoulder, holding himself as straight as a young tree, his lips curled in a smile of proud joy that he could not keep back. Her brother! What had he said? That he would shoot only for honor's sake; his, hers, and theirs. "I love him. I am sister to him. He is brave!" she thought and in spite of forboding and regret her own heart swelled.

Now Zef spoke, using the "golden words", a proverb of the tribes: "Remember, son—if men fear not your rifle on the wall, they will not

LUL CROUCHED CLOSE TO THE EARTH. AGAINST THE DARK, TWO FIGURES SHOWED FOR A MOMENT, AND PASSED ON





fear that rifle in your hands." And his father looked very grave.

"Po, bessa, I know that," answered Gjeloš, meeting his father's gaze with trusting young eyes.

A year went by. One day Lul and Zina were alone. They knelt by the hearth and spun, each with her wooden distaff, blossoming at the end with fluffy wool, tucked underneath her arm, and in the other hand the twisting thread and spindle which hung whirling near the floor. Zef had been gone all afternoon. Gjeloš had been absent now three days, gone to a wedding feast in a far valley to be one of the runners-out to meet the bride. No little honor, and he had left with glee and glad farewells. "The first time that men have thought him old enough to take a part," Zina had told Lul smiling.

Now as they spun and spoke in quiet tones, the sun dropped back of the western hills, and Lul got up to close the wooden shutter of the small window. Evening had come.

"Zef is late," said Zina anxiously.

"Will Gjeloš come with him?" asked Lul.

"Without a doubt," said Zina. "They had arranged to meet at Ndrek Gjoni's in the lower valley."

Footsteps—those of one man outside—a rifle butt striking the bolted door. Zina went to slide the great bar back. She opened and let in—Zef.

But what a Zef! Not the tall, upstanding, handsome man that had left home that noon, but a pale, haggard figure, stooped, as old men stoop, with weakness.

"Zef! Zef!" Zina's voice was heavy with anxiety. "What is it, man? Where is the boy, Gjeloš?"

Zef hardly greeted them by any look. His two eyes stared. He slumped down by the hearth and reached one hand to let it rest on Zina's knee beside him.

Lul's heart stood still, and all her breath went out. She waited. "I shall die before he speaks."

And then he spoke. Both women leaned to catch the slow words. "Po, it is Gjeloš. A quarrel on the way home from the feast—youth and hot words—a shot and—" His voice choked, then the words came more clearly. "It is Ndrek Gjoni's son." He was on the verge of collapse.

Lul's ears doubted their very hearing of these words. Ndrek was Zef's lifelong friend, and to Ndrek's house Zef had gone on this day to wait for Gjeloš there. She felt quite ill.

"Tell, man," said Zina in a level voice. She tried to stay calm.

"I have the story from the dying boy," said Zef, slowly as though the words were hateful to him. "Two young men quarreled and the rest took sides. Ndrek's son, Marash, was ranged with others against our Gjeloš and his set. A fool from Nikai fired. Rifles spoke. When they were silent, Marash had stopped a bullet from our son's gun. His friends carried him to his home."

Zef stopped, then fiercely ground out his cigarette against the floor and went on—dully it seemed to Lul.

"I sat beside my friend's hearth with my

THEY SAT  
UNDER TWO  
ROCKS AND  
LUL TOLD  
HER TALE

friend. We smoked and talked. Two men brought in the boy and laid him down between us. There he died, telling the story with the last breath he had." Silence again, and then: "My lifelong friend. I saw his own boy die—by my boy's hand." Zef twisted his head sideways suddenly, and Lul could see the cords of his strong neck stand out. A sigh like a sob broke from him. "Oh, wife," he groaned, "the taste of this is bitter in my mouth." His dark eyes flashed to Zina's watching face. "Bitter," he said again, "and worse—for I am filled with anger against our boy who let a careless bullet wreck the love and friendship binding Ndrek's house to mine and mine to his all these long years." Another sigh lifted the silver chain that crossed his chest.

Zina's words tumbled out. "Perhaps he aimed not at Marash. Such things occur."

"What matter where he aimed?" Zef broke in. "What does accident avail? The deed is done. Our Gjeloš is in blood—and I'm in blood. And Ndrek, whom I loved and still do love as well as any brother of my house, must take his life to clear his own blood's honor."

Zina sat motionless, and Lul, another statue by her side, looked into her mother's face. Pain showed in it an instant and was gone. Her dark eyes filled. She bowed her kerchiefed head, murmuring, "My boy, my boy!" In Lul's heart old words sounded, "golden words"—"A boy without a mother is the night without a moon."

She shuddered. Gjeloš—where could he be now? Alone and hunted, lacking all comfort—love—Zina—herself. Word would reach him of Marash's death and then he must flee for safety far from home. Lost to them forever, lost to her. That was it. Softly the words came out. A trembling seized her, and she got up and blindly groped her way through unshed tears to where she always slept—far from the bright hearth; there she lay down, pressing her face to the rough blanket cloth while tearless sobbing shook her. Each sob seemed a prayer for Gjeloš and his safety, his escape. If Zef and Zina mourned for the dead boy, she did not mourn. There was no room inside her bursting heart for any sorrow save her brother's sorrow, and her own agony of fear, knowing his certain danger. "Brother—my brother! Gjeloš—flee—flee! Save yourself, brother, my brother!" A thousand frenzied times she called the words inside her heart.

Followed dark days. Gjeloš did not come home, and Ndrek's brothers armed themselves and went, seeking the slayer, moved by the law of blood to clear their blood of this stain on their house. Ndrek himself stayed home and mourned the boy. Zina whispered to Lul, "Ndrek is faithful friend to Zef, your father. He makes excuse of mourning, but truth is he loathes to load his rifle with a bullet for Zef's own son. God pity him—and us!"

And that very day at sunset, on the way home from a near village, Lul met the father, Ndrek, (Continued on page 47)





PALISSY TOOK HIS FAVORITE DESIGNS FOR HIS POTTERY FROM THE FORESTS AND FIELDS AND ROCKS AND STREAMS OF HIS NATIVE FRANCE

# Palissy, the Potter

By SUSAN SMITH

*Illustrations by Carlotta Petrino*

I HAVE had no other book but the earth and the sky, which is known by all, and it is given to all to know and read this beautiful book." This was Palissy's creed.

"I was for the space of ten years, so wasted in my person, that there was no form or prominence of muscle in my arms or legs; also the said legs were throughout of one size, so that the garters with which I tied my stockings were at once, when I walked, down upon my heels with the stockings, too. I wandered often about the fields of Saintes, considering my miseries and weariness and above all things that in my own house I could have no peace, nor do anything that was considered good. I was despised and mocked by all."

So Bernard Palissy wrote about himself in 1537. He must indeed have been a pitiful figure, hurrying along the narrow crooked streets of Saintes, past the convent of the Benedictine Sisters, past the low thatched houses on the outskirts of the town, out to his potter's furnace with a sack of earthen vessels on his back. Plenty of common earthenware was made in France at that time. But Bernard was trying to discover for himself the secret of fine enameling such as was done in Italy. He knew nothing of clays or of the potter's trade when he began, for he was a glass painter. But so great was his interest at the sight of "a fine enameled cup from Italy" that had somehow found

its way to France, that he decided to leave his trade and work at this new and unknown art, for which he felt fitted, since "God," as he says, "had favored me with a gift for drawing." And it is true that his talent was then rare.

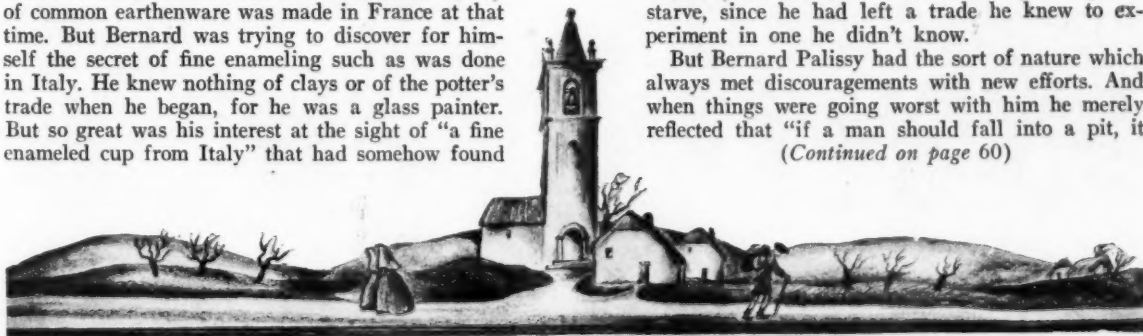
He explained to his wife, who must have been rather startled at his decision, that if he could only discover and practice this art, he could make more money for her and for their children. For the first year she listened to him, and perhaps for the second, but the years went on to sixteen before Bernard had come to the end of his difficulties. Meantime the row of little Palissys grew longer, and oftener and oftener they all went to bed hungry. You can hardly wonder that nothing that their father did was "considered good."

His neighbors gossiped about him and his crazy ways, and some of them, much to his horror, whispered that he was making false money in the long night hours of work which sent him staggering wearily home in the dawn.

And they all said that it served him quite right to starve, since he had left a trade he knew to experiment in one he didn't know.

But Bernard Palissy had the sort of nature which always met discouragements with new efforts. And when things were going worst with him he merely reflected that "if a man should fall into a pit, it

(Continued on page 60)



# To Paris with a Skillet

*Queer, to take a skillet to Paris? Not at all, when there are such delightful camping experiences to be enjoyed!*

**Y**OU SHOULD have heard my brother's ironic remarks, when I was polishing my folding skillet, preparing for a summer of Girl Scouting in France, first at the International Camp at Bierville, and later in the French mountains.

"A folding skillet! Of all things to take to Paris! When anybody asks about you, I suppose I have to say, 'Oh, she's the kind of person who starts to Paris with a folding skillet!'"

Expressed that way, it sounds unusual, but that is just what I did. With camp clothes, nature books and mess kit, I sailed for Paris, and arrived in time to buy my tent and sleeping bag, make a visit to friends in the South, and appear at Bierville for the International Camp where captains from fifteen nations lived together for two weeks, in a camp organized in the French *Eclaireuse* way.

There are no permanent camps in France—the *Eclaireuses* want to see the country, to know and understand different parts of their land. They choose a good site, in the desired region, and they dig in, literally as well as figuratively. A camp is a success, say the French, if the girls have had their needs and desires met, if the people in the vicinity think well, when camp is over, of the name of *Eclaireuses*, and if the place where they have camped shows no trace of their having camped there. At Bierville, there were about as many French as there were visitors; we were mixed up in the different sections of camp, with enough French to see that things went along, even if the guests should decide to be lazy about getting water, or setting the table, or scrubbing the aluminum kettles outside as well as in.

This question of the scrubbing of the exterior of the kettles was debated warmly, all summer long. France believes that the outside should be made to shine, if not after each using, at least once a day. It is true, that France has fires that make much black on the kettles—small sticks, continually blazing, and being blown upon, if necessary, to keep them going. The cook has a habit of putting a layer of soft soap all over the bottom of the kettle, before using

By AGNES AMIS

it, and this makes it easier to get off the black and soot. When the cook forgets the soap, and the poor pot washer has to

do her job just the same, there is just cause for an argument. And I am not one who maintains that Girl Scouts never lose their calm! Belgium takes a different view of the kettle situation. She maintains that it is worse than useless to wash off this layer of black. She says that an extra thickness over the bottom and sides of the pot makes for more efficient cooking, and less scorching of the contents. Also, that with the original layer of soap, and the daily layer of black for two weeks, there is a thickness, at the end of camp, that scales off easily with a knife, so that the final cleaning and polishing really takes very little, if any more, time. She expects you to take it home from camp all shining, however. Switzerland says, provided the inside stays sweet and clean, why take time to scrub the outside? And if you want to take it home dirty, that is all right, too. I think I agree with Belgium on all the points involved. I saw French girls spending a mighty lot of time scrubbing—and I also saw two little Swiss girls carrying home an unscrubbed pot—and their stockings as well as their neighbors suffered.

Bierville was quite informal. Of course there were meetings and discussions, dances from all countries, and newspapermen and visitors and campfires and moving pictures and printed programs and the rest of the things that go to make up a conference, but under it all ran the work of camp; those French hostesses saw that one hundred and thirty people ate four meals a day, slept comfortably in spite of the rain that came regularly every two days; had enough water and bathing facilities for even the English and Americans, and had time and energy left for a little playing every day, and for much friendliness. At the last campfire, there was a short ceremonial that typified much of our feelings and thoughts. France, represented by her National Commissioner, tended a small fire which she had prepared for us. To her came one delegate from each country bringing a fagot to help feed the fire; as the foreign sticks were laid on the fire, the delegates repeated, each



"AU PAS, CAMADRES!" CRY THESE "ECLAIREUSES" AS THEY HIKE ALONG EACH GIRL TRIES TO BE FIRST ON THE CAMP DISH-WASHING LINE



in her own language, the Girl Scout oath. After the French goodbye song, each delegate took from the fire a half-burned stick—a symbol of world sisterhood, fostered by the hospitality of the French and sent to the Girl Scouts of the world. This message comes to you girls who read this, a direct greeting from your sisters around the world, who all want to know the girls of America.

Finally we had to fold our tents and our skillets, and separate. But we were not as sad at parting as we expected to be, for some of us met, after a few days in Paris, to go to camp again in the mountains that look down, from France, on Lake Geneva.

At this camp, there were fifty French girls, a few Swiss girls, several French captains and lieutenants, a Swiss captain, and I. "Above Evian," we had a wonderful two weeks of camping, in a hilly valley of one of France's mountainous sections. We set up camp around a deserted barn, on the outskirts of a village, in a field from which one crop of clover had just been gathered. I hope the man who rented his field to us did not find his second crop of hay too much damaged!

Did you ever build a wash house? We did—using poles cut in the woods, cross pieces, ropes we had brought, and burlap that belonged to the troops. It was a mighty feat, that took several people several hours. The three wash houses had five compartments each, so that fifteen people could bathe or dress at the same time. They stood hard usage for two weeks, and remained standing, even through a storm that laid low three-fourths of the tents in camp. You can imagine our pride in our achievement, or you already know, if you are of the fortunate group who have done "advanced camping." This dialogue could be heard almost any morning at the wash house in the section of camp where there were young and inexperienced campers:

"Jenny, did you wash yourself?" "Oui, Chef!" "All over?" "Non, Chef." "Want me to pour a pail of water over you after you have lathered yourself all over?" "Oui, Chef!" . . . "Was it cold?" . . . "Not awfully. It feels fine—after!"

One afternoon, there was a "grand manoeuvre," a game in which all took part. It was a contest between Redskins and Palefaces—one side trying to steal fire, and the other to steal water. The stealers of water won in a remarkably short time, but fire had also been stolen, and carried three hundred yards, to light the waiting campfire, in much less time than you would possibly think. You may have played this game, and you may have played it with the same rule for silence that we had, that day—no talking or noise, all communication to be by sign language, trail signs, Morse,

etc. The method of fighting individual duels, however, will, I believe, be new to you, and I think you will want to try this, the *Eclaireuses'* favorite challenge. Each girl wears a scarf or bandana through her belt, over her left hip; this is her "life." When challenged, she grasps the back of her belt, with her left hand, and tries to seize and pull away the *foulard* or scarf of her opponent. At the same time, of course, she is protecting her own scarf, by twisting, dodging, and so on. Try it, and you will see why the *prise au foulard* is the French Girl Guides' best way of settling arguments and of testing skill.

Each girl at camp washes her own dishes, and takes them away with her in her own sack. The table is set, when these sacks are arranged in a circle on the ground. Sometimes, there are flowers in the middle of the circle. Of course, it is quite desirable to be first at the dishwashing; the girls stand in line, *faire la queue*, and often sing a song to the tune of *Glory, Glory, Hallelujah*. Here it is:

Toi qui passes la première,  
Profite bien de l'eau très claire;  
Demain tu seras la dernière,  
Et ça va bien comme ça!

Toi qui passes la dernière,  
Ferme les yeux, baisse la paupière,  
Demain tu seras la première,  
Et ça va bien comme ça!

Try singing this yourself. If you don't know French, one of your friends who knows French can tell you its meaning.

The best of times must end, and so did our camp time at Evian. We had been thankful for the shelter of our barn, when mountains sent rains and wind storms—and always in the night! We had worked hard, to leave our field as

(Continued on page 64)



TO SCOUR OR NOT TO SCOUR? FRANCE SAYS, "LOOK HOW THE POT SHINES!"



THE VEGETABLES FOR LUNCH ARE PREPARED RIGHT AFTER BREAKFAST



GINGHAM LAUNDRY BAGS? NOT AT ALL. THEY'RE STRAW-FILLED BEDS!

# Klong and the

THERE lay Klong like a lizard in the hot Siam sun. Only her head was in the shade, under the edge of the little raised house. From time to time she wriggled her bare toes against the warm earth and stretched lazily. But she deserved to act lazy, for she had had a busy day.

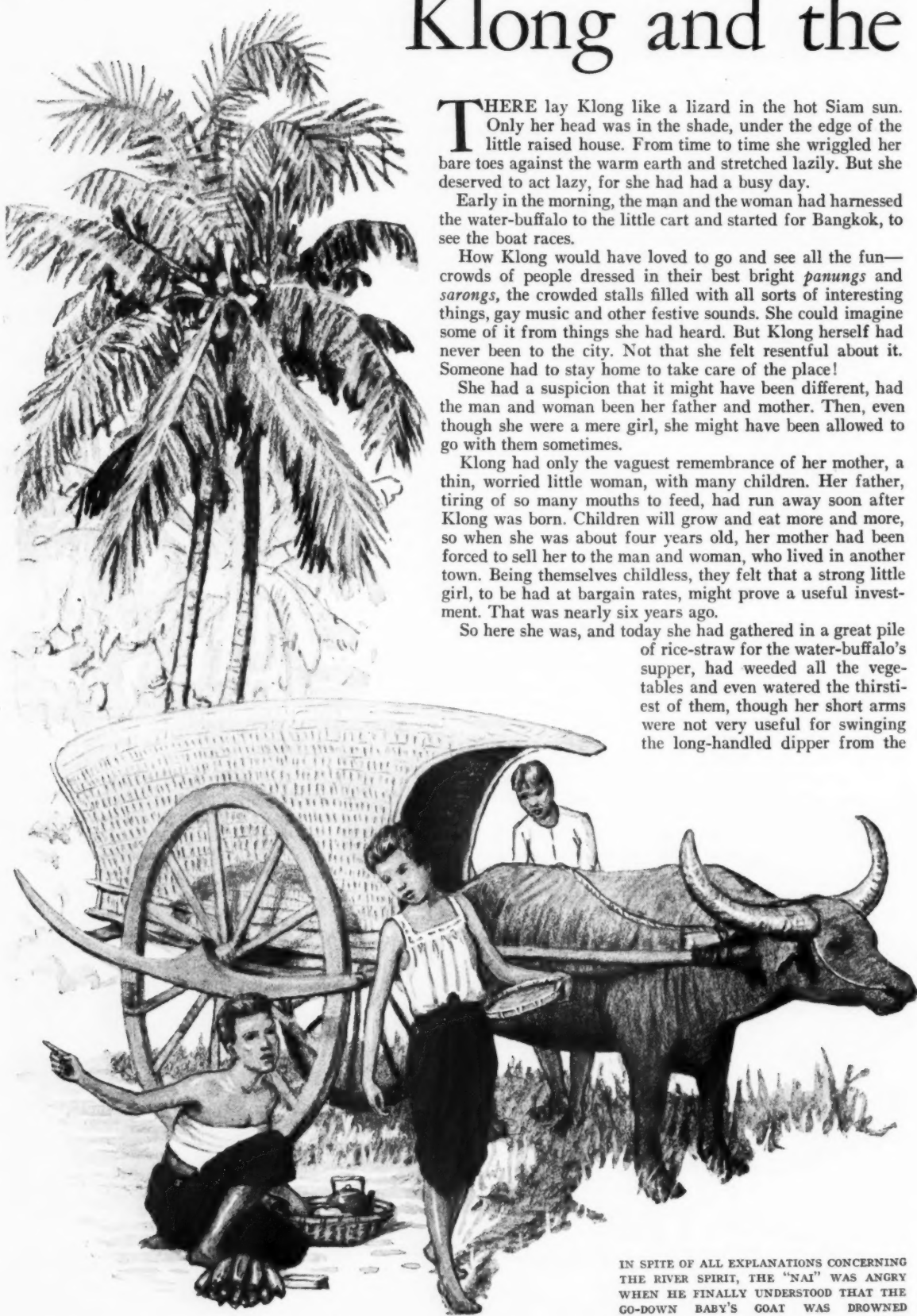
Early in the morning, the man and the woman had harnessed the water-buffalo to the little cart and started for Bangkok, to see the boat races.

How Klong would have loved to go and see all the fun—crowds of people dressed in their best bright *panungs* and *sarongs*, the crowded stalls filled with all sorts of interesting things, gay music and other festive sounds. She could imagine some of it from things she had heard. But Klong herself had never been to the city. Not that she felt resentful about it. Someone had to stay home to take care of the place!

She had a suspicion that it might have been different, had the man and woman been her father and mother. Then, even though she were a mere girl, she might have been allowed to go with them sometimes.

Klong had only the vaguest remembrance of her mother, a thin, worried little woman, with many children. Her father, tiring of so many mouths to feed, had run away soon after Klong was born. Children will grow and eat more and more, so when she was about four years old, her mother had been forced to sell her to the man and woman, who lived in another town. Being themselves childless, they felt that a strong little girl, to be had at bargain rates, might prove a useful investment. That was nearly six years ago.

So here she was, and today she had gathered in a great pile of rice-straw for the water-buffalo's supper, had weeded all the vegetables and even watered the thirstiest of them, though her short arms were not very useful for swinging the long-handled dipper from the



IN SPITE OF ALL EXPLANATIONS CONCERNING THE RIVER SPIRIT, THE "NAI" WAS ANGRY WHEN HE FINALLY UNDERSTOOD THAT THE GO-DOWN BABY'S GOAT WAS DROWNED

# Go-down Baby

By PHYLLIS SOWERS

irrigation canal, to and fro over them. It was a pleasure to watch the ease and skill with which the man could wield it and to see the gleaming water in the air like a silver fan, catching the light of the sun on its surface as it fell.

Klong had fed the chickens and ducks and collected the eggs to be sold next morning and had taken three chickens to Ah Fu, the cook over at "go-down" house. So she felt justified in taking a little rest, especially as she did not expect the family home until late.

She wondered drowsily why they had wanted so many chickens at "go-down" house. It must mean guests expected, for when the *Nai* was alone, one chicken was plenty. When it was left to her, Klong always chose a young and tender hen for him, because she liked the *Nai*. He was very tall and thin, with smooth, straight hair and a nose much thinner than an ordinary nose which, Klong thought, should be—and usually was in Siam—somewhat flat and pudgy. But he had a very kind smile. About the only English phrase Klong knew was "good morning", and she said it to him, whatever time of day she might chance to meet him, and he always responded with a smile.

The "go-down" was what everyone called a big galvanized iron building where all the tins of oil were stored. Klong was rather proud of knowing these English words and applied them in her mind as adjectives for everything on the big compound next to her little home farm. For instance, there was "go-down" house and the "go-down" servants and so on. The *Nai's* house was not very large, but looked solid and impressive compared to Klong's house, which was carelessly thrown together on high piles, partly over the river. The pig was housed under part of it. Her head was near his sty now, but she liked him and he seemed a special friend of hers. For she was born in the year of the pig, and her only ornament was an enamel locket with a bright representation of a pig.

*Illustrations by  
Margaret Ayer*





supposed to bring her luck, and she was very careful of it.

From where Klong lay, she could see a portion of the *Nai's* house and the kitchen building. She could now see the tall *Sikh* watchman. Though he was a dignified and very exclusive sort of individual who would share nothing with any of the servants, but must even have his own plate and cup and wash them himself, yet Klong knew he was lazy. She often saw him taking naps in the shade when he was supposed to be on duty.

The affairs at the "go-down" compound were the only adventures that ever entered Klong's hard working little existence. She could now hear the servants in the kitchen, bustling around with most unusual energy and she thought again of the chickens she had taken them. Of course she would never have killed them herself, for she knew the Lord Buddha had told her she must never kill anything. Of course there were mosquitoes. She killed many of them every day, but somehow that did not seem so bad. One could hardly imagine one's ancestors degenerating into mean, insignificant little creatures like mosquitoes. But there was a danger that chickens might contain the souls of departed relatives.

Fish presented no such problem. All one had to do was to pull them out of the water and they obligingly died. It was fortunate that the farm was beside the river, so they had plenty of fish to eat. For Klong did want to be good. She hoped that she could make enough of a success of this incarnation to be permitted to advance and become a man, in her next. Of course a good deal to aspire toward.

Suddenly her reverie was interrupted by the sound of the horn on the launch, and she sat up quickly, in time to see it chug up to the little landing by the "go-down." She could see the tall *Nai* leap ashore and hold out his hand to a lady. A most interesting lady, in a white dress and topee draped in a long green veil.

Klong never remembered seeing a *forang* woman before. The *Nai* then held out his arms for an enormous fat, pink bundle which moved, and, as well as she could judge, seemed to be a child. It was all so exciting that she wished she dared to move nearer, for a good look.

The Indian watchman was standing grandly at attention in his imposing white turban, and the khaki clad sailors held with ropes the little launch to the dock. With much talk and laughter, the *Nai* and his lady then went into the brightly lighted house and were lost to her sight.

It was fast growing dark, but Klong could see that the launch was piled high with queer *forang* trunks and boxes, which the sailors began taking ashore on brawny shoulders.

Then Klong heard the creaking of the old buffalo cart and had no more time to stand and stare, but must run and greet the man and woman, unharness the water-buffalo and feed him and all the while try to tell the people the news. But even when, at last, they squatted around the mutual rice bowl, they were too full of their own unusual experiences to be much interested in what she had to tell.

Klong could hardly wait until daylight to see more of the new family. They were not yet up and about when she was busy with the daily chores. But she managed to get in a few words with the cook at "go-down" house kitchen and he said the newcomers were the *Nai's* madame and baby and had come to stay indefinitely.

A new interest had now entered Klong's uneventful little life and she watched the family, whenever she had an opportunity.

The baby, almost two years old, had shining golden hair and round eyes, as blue as a Siamese cat's, which looked to Klong as though they couldn't really see, but were just bright jewels. She had never before seen a person with blue eyes. They called the baby Alice. She did not know the meaning of the word Alice. Her own name was simply Siamese for "canal." But in spite of Alice's peculiar eyes, Klong thought the baby was pretty and pink, rather like a freshly opened lotus flower.

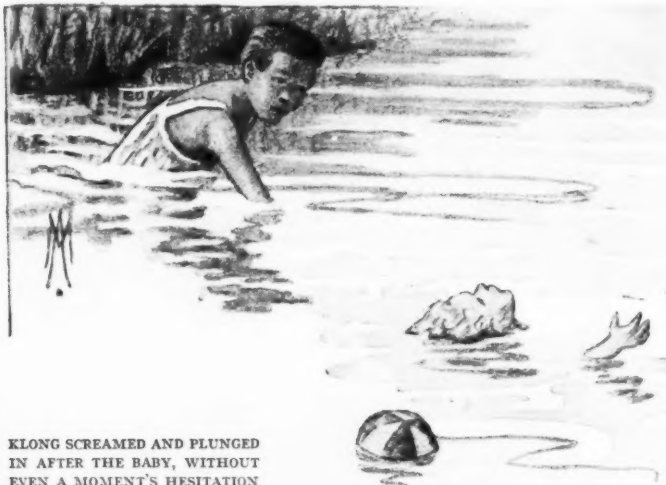
One day Klong was told to take some eggs to the house. The man, Lert, was plowing and the woman, Maa Pang, was squatting by the river, gossiping and bartering with a boat-woman, to whom she was endeavoring to sell fruit and vegetables for the Bangkok market. Klong determined upon a bold act. She washed her face and hands carefully, put on her very best bright calico *sarong* and a clean white blouse and combed her hair neatly upwards, until it looked just like the bristles of a scrubbing brush. She placed the eggs in a clay dish with brilliant flowers from the flame tree arranged in a sort of design amongst them, and going up the front steps of "go-down" house, knocked timidly at the screen door.

It was opened by the tall white Madame herself. Klong could see the baby, playing around on the polished teak-wood floor in a white starched dress, as clean as a cloud. Klong had never seen anything cleaner than the whole household. She made a friendly gesture to the baby and the Madame took the attractive dish of eggs with a smile and motioned to Klong to come in.

Little Alice toddled right over to her and began to pull at her lithe brown hand. So Klong sat impulsively down on the floor and showed them how she could bend her fingers almost flat against the backs of her hands. They were nearly as flexible as a Siamese dancer's; for from infancy, Klong like many Siamese girls, had practiced bending them backward and cracking her joints. The Madame, never before having seen hands so much like India-rubber, was much interested, and the dear beautiful baby took a great fancy to her, so Klong stayed with them as long as she dared.

After that they sometimes sent for her to come and amuse the baby and she saw many strange and interesting things and learned to speak and understand a few words of English.

One curious superstition the *forangs* seemed to have was about water. Klong, of course, knew all about the water-spirit—how one must be careful not to offend him and must throw offerings into the river, at certain seasons. But the *Nai* and Madame seemed to believe there were numerous invisible spirits in the water, and that they dare not drink it



KLONG SCREAMED AND PLUNGED IN AFTER THE BABY, WITHOUT EVEN A MOMENT'S HESITATION

right from the river, as seemed the only natural thing to do. They must either cook it all or put it through a machine they called a filter. The boiling killed the vengeful little spirits, which were called "germs", and the filter strained out most of them.

The "go-down" baby had not been there but a few days when a goat was bought to supply her with milk. The goat was to live on the edge of Lert's compound and be fed plenty of paddy and rice-straw, such as the water-buffalo ate. They dedicated the goat to Klong's special care, and every day she carefully washed her hands, whether or not any one was watching, and milked it into a clean bucket, supplied to her by Ah Fu. Not a hair was ever allowed to fall into the milk, for fear of those horrid little spirits, the "germs" that seemed to have a special spite against white people.

But one day the goat idly chewed apart her tether, and, wandering out onto the little rickety landing from which they bought and sold market goods, broke through. Suddenly Klong saw it kicking and plunging about in the water. She rushed to the bank and was about to grab it by its horns, when she hesitated. Thoughts of the dread river spirit rushed to her mind and of how he hated to be thwarted, once he had a victim nearly within his grasp, and would surely wreak vengeance upon the rescuer. The goat was slipping farther out into the river. She screamed for Maa Pang, who came quickly running but made no move to save it, as she also thought of the river spirit. They were joined by some boat people, but no one tried to save the poor animal, and in a few moments it was well out into the current and rapidly being carried down stream. Klong was much distressed though helpless.

The *Nai* came hurrying up and, in spite of all explanations concerning the river spirit, was angry when he finally understood that the goat was drowned, and scolded them severely in two languages.

Increasingly often Klong was allowed to tend the baby at "go-down" house. What a contrast to the heat and labor of caring for animals and plants in the scorching sun, weeding and watering, bending and lifting burdens too heavy for her small back, to sit on the wide, shady veranda and play with little Alice—to see that no harm came to the baby while the Madame was busy inside the house. To carefully wash her hands and put on clean clothes never seemed too much of an effort to Klong. Though Maa Pang and Lert were far from pleased by these visits, they could not afford to refuse their patron's requests.

Of all the visits, the most wonderful, to Klong, was little Alice's second birthday. There was a marvelous big *kanome* (cake), made by that kitchen genius, Ah Fu. On rarest occasions, Klong had eaten one of the little fried *kanomes* for sale in the small cook-boat that passed each day. But never had she seen one like this. It had candles burning on it. Pink candles, even prettier than those burned in the temples for the Buddha. Oh, it was *suey mak mak* (very pretty). They gave her a large slice and said "*kin*" (eat), and though it seemed too pretty to eat, she did as she was told and it was delicious.

That evening Klong squatted in the compound, sorting onion bulbs and watching the colors made in the sky by the setting sun. The river was a lovely lotus pink and glowed as though there were a thousand candles lighted somewhere in the river spirit's deep abode. Klong, imagining that she was giving a party, almost forgot the onions, though she knew that if they were not done by dark, she would be beaten. But the scene was indeed distractingly lovely.

Then Klong noticed something moving on the steps of

"go-down" house and was astonished to see the much guarded little Alice climbing backwards, down the last few of them in pursuit of her large and yellow ball. Of course, Klong knew she ought to take the baby home at once. But before she had time to put down the onion basket and reach the child, Alice gave a sudden bound and grabbed for the ball and fell into the water. She gulped, gasped and nearly sank.

Klong screamed and plunged in after her, without a moment's hesitation, and seizing her, started struggling toward shore. But it was not an easy thing to reach the bank, for, of course, the river spirit was angry and kept clutching at her wet *panung* and pulling at little Alice to tear her from Klong's grasp. The baby seemed to grow heavier every minute and Klong knew that if they were pulled out into the swift current in the middle, she could never get Alice ashore again. Klong knew she was a strong enough swimmer to save herself, should she let go of Alice, but still she clung desper-

## COMING

*A NEW Jo Ann story in which April Fool's Day is celebrated by Jo Ann and Tommy. You know just how amusing that will be.*

*A N EASTER story in which a flood descends on a girls' boarding school during the Easter holidays, and exciting rescues take place.*

*DIRECTIONS how to make your own garden. This is something that you will all be interested in and will surely want to read as soon as it comes out, for early spring is none too soon to begin planting.*

*These features and many others are coming to you through "The American Girl"*

## IN APRIL

ately to the struggling baby, trying to keep their heads above water. The terrified child was pulling her under.

The candle lights in the river were all extinguished now and it had become an ominous black flood, full of dread shadows.

Suddenly she saw a big black object, looming beside her. Her legs struck against it and she could feel its hard yet slimy surface. Her despairing heart was sure it was the demon himself, come to take them. Yet she would not forsake little Alice and let her be carried down to his terrible home. Poor little helpless, American Alice, who had always been so guarded from evil things, even from little things like germs.

The huge black object touched her again and there was, after all, something about its solidity in the midst of the liquid chaos, that was reassuring. Klong suddenly realized that it must be a teak log, such as are often set adrift on the river to make their slow but sure way to the port. Often two or three would drift against the bank, where they lay and wallowed like black water-buffaloes until something gave them the extra impetus, which sent them into the current again. As soon as she remembered this, Klong exerted all her remaining strength to climb up on it and was helped by the fact that one end was already steadied against the bank.

After that everything was confusion in Klong's mind. She next realized that she was being given warm milk to drink and put to bed in a delightfully soft dry place.

Not until next morning did she discover that she was in "go-down" house. Then she was told a wonderful piece of news. That she was to be allowed to live there indefinitely, as an *ayah* (nurse) for little Alice and that Maa Pang and Lert had been given so many silver *ticals* (dollars) that they willingly relinquished all claim to Klong in the future. Though she couldn't understand why such good fortune should be hers, it made her indeed very proud and happy.



CHEESE IS AN INTERNATIONAL FOOD. SEE IF YOU RECOGNIZE THESE SAMPLES FROM VARIOUS COUNTRIES

By  
WINIFRED MOSES

# Cheese around the World

**I** WONDER if, when enjoying a "Swiss cheese on rye" or a heavenly toasted cheese dream or one of those delicious little affairs with a cheese filling to be found at afternoon teas, you have ever thought what a remarkably versatile food cheese is?

Cheese is an international food and cheese-making a fine art. Every country has not only one but several versions of its peculiar taste in cheeses and each has not only a different way of making this article of food, but may use milk from a different animal. For instance, the Laplander makes his cheese from reindeer's milk. The people of Germany, France, Italy and many other countries make some of theirs from the milk of the goat. Real Roquefort, which comes from France, and some of the other finest cheeses are made from sheep's milk, and in Italy even cheese produced from the milk of the buffalo is known. But it is to the cow that the world is generally indebted for its cheese.

There is much to be said about this interesting food. There are over two hundred varieties of cheese—and since it would be impossible even to mention them all by name I have shown a few most frequently met with in our own grocery stores and am going to tell you some interesting stories associated with their names.

The people of Italy are very partial to cheese, in fact someone has said that they use it in every dish they cook. Beginning at the lower right hand corner of the picture

above, there is a cheese that looks like a huge white bag, which is beloved of the Italians. I cannot tell you the whole story of the way cheese is made—it would take too long. Here are the main steps in the process. In the morning a big tub of curd arrives at the grocer's. He chops this up—then pours a lot of boiling water over it—drains it, gathers the curd together—seasons it—then pulls it about and makes it into this bag-like ball. It is sliced and may be eaten plain, in sandwiches, on appetizers or with the salad. Another noted Italian cheese is the Parmesan named from the city of Parma. It is a dry, hard cheese and must be grated. It is excellent in soups, and has many other uses.

The Dutch are famed for their hard cheeses. The little round, purple cheese at the left of the Italian cheese comes from Edam in Holland. Here the houses, stables and milk or dairy room are all joined together. In the summer time when the cows are away in the pasture, the stables are all cleaned out and the floor laid out into sand gardens.

The cheese with the big holes in it, which most of us know as a filling for sandwiches, comes from Switzerland. The holes are caused by gas produced by fermentation when the cheese is ripening.

At the right of this in a round box is a Gruyère cheese, made in France, but which gets its name from Gruyère in Switzerland. This is a smooth, delicious cheese to serve with jelly and hard or flaky crackers in the place of dessert.



At the top left is the Roquefort, made from sheep's milk, a French cheese named after the town where it is made. The characteristic flavor of this cheese is due to moldy bread especially prepared for this purpose. This bread is sprinkled on the outside of the cheeses—the cheeses pricked with needles and stacked away in caves. As the mold grows it penetrates into all the little holes and gives the cheese a mottled, green appearance and its flavor. The Gorgonzola cheese of Italy and the Stilton of England also have this same mottled appearance and are made in much the same way. From France also comes Pont du Salut, Brie and Camembert. Everyone knows that Limburger comes from Germany. It is, however, not the only cheese that Germany produces.

America also contributes many cheeses—perhaps the most important is the one with which we are most familiar and with which we associate the word cheese—that is the American cheese, which you can see in the photograph between the Roquefort and the Swiss cheese. The pineapple cheese, a firm, hard cheese somewhat like the Edam cheese comes from Holland and the two jars and package at the upper right are examples of those of American make. At the extreme left is an English cheese, Melton Mowbray, which we now import.

You can make your own cheese at home if you wish, at least one kind, called cottage cheese. This is one of the favorite cheeses in America and is made from curdled milk. It can be made in various ways, but the method that I have found most satisfactory is to pour a quart of curdled milk into a large bowl and pour a quart of boiling water over it. If you like a soft, moist cheese, let it stand for about five minutes—if a dry cheese, let it stand twenty minutes. Then place a clean cloth in another bowl, pour the cheese mixture into this, pull the ends of the cloth together to make a bag, tie a string around the neck of the bag thus formed and hang it up to drip. After an hour or so remove the cheese from the bag, add salt to season and a little melted butter or cream.

This cheese may be used in many ways. It may be molded in small jelly glasses, unmolded on a dessert plate with another mold of currant jelly and several crackers and served as a delicious dessert. It may be mixed with chopped nut meats, molded into balls and rolled in more chopped nut meats. Three or four of the balls placed on crisp lettuce leaves with sliced beets, tomatoes or cucumbers and garnished with mayonnaise make a very colorful and appetizing salad. This may be varied by omitting the nuts and rolling the balls in minced parsley. Another way is to make the seasoned cheese into balls and serve with stuffed dates

or prunes on lettuce leaves as a salad. Or the cheese may be moistened with mayonnaise, seasoned with finely minced onion, celery, mashed asparagus tips, chopped olives, nuts, raisins, figs, dates, green pepper, pimento, pickles or capers and used as a sandwich filling.

It may also appear as an appetizer. Toast a round of bread, spread it with butter, top this with a slice of tomato, spread with anchovy paste and this again with a little cake of cheese and finish off with a teaspoon of mayonnaise and sprinkle with paprika.

And it makes a delicious luncheon when served with buttered toast or bread and butter—jelly and sliced bananas. So much for cottage cheese.

And how do you like your cheese? The English prefer theirs served in a course by itself just before dessert. They call it the savory. The French and many other peoples of Europe serve it at the end of the meal. I remember very vividly my surprise one bitterly cold night when I was dining on a train *en route* from Warnemünde to Hamburg, when, as the last course to a very hearty dinner, the waiter appeared bearing a huge tray of many kinds of cheese, a dish of butter curls and thick slices of black bread, and everybody helped himself liberally to all three with as keen a relish and with as much gusto as if he had not already dined heartily and well.

Cheese when it is rightly eaten is a very wholesome food and can be served in every course—as an appetizer, with the soup, as a main course or *entrée*, as a salad and as a dessert.

And now for a few recipes made from our so-called American cheese and one or two adapted from those characteristic of other countries.



### MENU ONE

*Vegetable Chowder*

*Toast*

*Cream Cheese Pudding*

*Beverage*



### MENU TWO

*Cheese Omelet*

*Tomato Sauce*

*Lettuce and Beet Salad*

*French Dressing*

*Peach Betty*

*Beverage*



### MENU THREE

*Cheese Custard*

*Macaroni and Tomato Sauce*

*Green Peas*

*Lettuce Salad*

*French Dressing*

*Baked Bananas*

*Cookies*

*Beverage*

### *Cheese Croquettes*

- 1 tablespoon butter
- 4 tablespoons flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup evaporated milk
- 1 egg yolk
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mustard
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt

- 1 cup grated cheese
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup bread crumbs
- dash of cayenne

Melt the butter, stir in the flour, adding a little of the evaporated milk if necessary. Put over the fire and stir until it bubbles. Add the rest of the milk and the seasonings. When it comes to the boiling point add the egg yolk and the cheese and stir until the cheese

melts. Stir in the bread crumbs. Rinse small molds in cold water, pour enough of the mixture into each to make a croquette of the desired size. Put away in the refrigerator. When cold and stiff, unmold, roll in flour then in eggs, then in bread crumbs and fry in deep fat 350-375 degrees Fahrenheit. Serve with green peas, pimento sauce and

(Continued on page 49)



*Illustrations by  
Robb Beebe*

"HAUNTED?" REPEATED ROB AS SHE TOOK A LUSCIOUS-LOOKING PIE OUT OF THE CAREFULLY PACKED BASKET

THE ADAIR family were excited, all five of them. For old Scotch Uncle Fergus Macdonald had died and left this big, tumble-down house to them, because, as Mrs. Adair said, her children all had Scotch names—Robin and Bob, the twins, Allison, the second, and Malcolm, the baby—and Uncle Fergus had been fairly daft on the subject of anything Scotch. The next day the twins left for Cloverdale, their new home. They were going to clean the house and make it ready for the family. On their way up they discussed the possibility of hidden treasure there. The MacDonalds had been a wealthy family. Uncle Fergus had been a miser, and even Mr. Bruce, Uncle Fergus' lawyer, thought it very strange that he had left not a cent, for his money must have gone somewhere. As Robin and Bob left the train at Cloverdale, they were suddenly stopped by a kindly looking old Scotsman, who said he was Alastair MacIntyre, long-time friend of Uncle Fergus. He wanted to see the Adair family before he left for New York. He commended them for their courage in coming to the old house alone for—he said—there were rumors of ghosts in the house, at which Robin almost fainted. As he bade them goodbye, the twins went on, and there below the crest of a hill stood the old-fashioned, tumble-down house. The sun on its upper windows gave it an eerie effect, and Robin stood fascinated. Suddenly she announced that she was going to call it "The House with the Cross-eyed Windows."

### CHAPTER III *A Strange Disappearance*

It was musty and dark inside. That was the first impression, and as soon as windows had been flung open to the

# The House with

soft summer breezes, and the suitcase and pail, mop and broom brought in, Robin and Bob sat down on the horsehair sofa to look about the largest room they had ever seen.

"Well, we'll never be crowded. That's one satisfaction," Bob exclaimed delightedly.

There were fluffs of dust in heaps in all the corners, and on the horsehair upholstery of the old-fashioned, heavily carved black walnut furniture. Cobwebs hung from the gas fixtures and even stretched across the clumsy secretary that stood beside the fireplace. The marble-topped tables, tattered window shades, rickety what-nots, and glass-doored corner cupboards were certainly far from beautiful, and yet Robin heaved a little sigh of satisfaction.

"Well, how about it, Robin Adair? Are you dreadfully disappointed? There are no peacocks parading sunlit terraces, or family portraits, or gleaming silver about here, I'm afraid," Bob said teasingly.

"No," returned his sister with spirit as she started unburdening her pockets of their contents, "but even if that grandfather's clock over in the corner is terribly battered, it's what I've always wanted to have, and the rest of the furniture at least is solid and won't fall to pieces under us. Now, let's get to work."

By the time the hands of the alarm clock pointed to six-thirty, Robin, red cheeked and bright eyed, looked about at the nearly empty room with satisfaction. Walls had been wiped, floor scrubbed, and even the ceiling gone over thoroughly with the long handled mop.

Bob came in lugging the biggest chair they had. He had been beating rugs and furniture out in the yard, and he gave a tired grunt as he pushed the chair in place and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"My, but I'm warm and tired!—And hungry," he added as an after-thought. "Say, Rob, don't you think we could eat supper pretty soon?"

"Suits me," Rob replied with an approving nod of her head that sent her dust cap slipping down over her nose. "I'm starving, myself. Mother said she put up a big supper for us, and I'm certainly glad. The only trouble is, we couldn't bring anything to drink. I wonder—"

"Oh, Mother told me that there's a store, just a short distance down the road," Bob interrupted eagerly, "and she suggested that I get some milk there. I'll trot down and bring back a quart if I'm not too late."

Robin sank down in the big chair and stretched her tired arms above her head. "I'll fix supper while you're gone," she yawned. "Oh, but I'm so sleepy, I feel as if I could hardly keep my eyes open. It must be the country air. Please leave the gas lighted upstairs, Bob, for it's getting quite dark. I haven't taken a peep up there as yet, but I'll prowl about and investigate while you're at the store, and make the beds after supper. Tomorrow I'm going to look at the octagon room."

"Yes, and let's try to have Mother's room all ready for her," Bob suggested as he clattered upstairs with a mattress on his back.

The thought of supper made his spirits go up with a bound, and Robin could hear his gay whistle all the way down the road as she undid the cardboard box in which their supper was packed.

Rob's mouth watered as she saw the appetizing piles of sandwiches, one package with peanut butter and the other with minced ham filling, but she heroically refrained from even a nibble.

"Won't Bob be pleased when he sees deviled eggs and a banana for each of us," she reflected with a smile.

# the Cross-eyed Windows

It was with a rising thrill of excitement that Robin mounted the winding staircase where deepening shadows gave an eerie look to the unfamiliar way. It was so dark and gloomy and still.

Bob had left a light as she had requested in the big front room, but economically he had turned it very low, and the massive furniture took on odd dim shapes that caused her heart to thud as she peered through the doorway, half ashamed at her sudden desire to turn about and fly down to the better lighted room below.

"Don't be a baby," she scolded herself angrily, shaking her shoulders at her own childishness. Then she gave a squeal that ended in a nervous giggle as a velvety gray mouse ran across the toe of her slipper and disappeared into the blackness of the room beyond.

"There's one thing Allison forgot—mouse traps and cheese," she thought as, with a determined rush, she crossed the room and turned the flickering gas on as far as it would go. Even then it was inadequate to brighten the big bedroom with its sleigh-backed bed and towering wardrobe.

"I do hope we'll have nice neighbors," she mused. "Now I think this room must be Mother's, for there's a splendid spot for Malcolm's crib. Bob may have the back room."

However, as it was into the back bedroom that the mouse had scampered, she did not even peep through its doorway; and nothing could have induced her to venture into the gloomy main part of the house. So she turned toward the door at the left with a determined air.

"It's lucky for us that we can shut off all the ball-room wing by itself," she reflected with her fingers on the knob of the door. "Now this must be over the octagon library, and Allison and I will use it for our room."

She opened the door as she spoke and was pleasantly surprised to see that Bob had lighted the gas here for her, too. Then she gave an exclamation as she peered about, for it was quite the most unusual room she had ever seen. Even her inexperienced eyes told her that the paneled walls of dark wood were beautiful, although rather somber for a bedroom. Unlike the front room it was huddled with furniture, piled as if to get it out of the way. There was an enormous black walnut bed, a marble-topped bureau and washstand to match, odd tables and a helter-skelter of stools and books and broken chairs.

Bob had neatly placed the mattress back on the springs of an old iron bed and, with a tired yawn, Robin threw herself down across its width. Too much at ease to move as she listened drowsily to the shrill piping of tree toads and crickets outside. "Oh, oh—what's that?"

With a gasp of sheer terror she sat bolt upright, every hair on her head prickling, while shivers ran up and down her spine.

For above the piping of crickets and grasshoppers had come another sound. It started with a long drawn moan that mounted and mounted into a wailing crescendo, and then died into silence; while faintly, very faintly, as if played by a phantom musician came the notes of *Annie Laurie* on the bagpipes.

With her heart pounding as if it would burst and the perspiration pouring down her face, Robin bolted from the room and dashed down the staircase.

"If only Bob were back." That was Robin's first thought as she flew along, her feet skimming the stairs; but there was no welcome sound of his cheerful whistle or sign of his blue overalls, for the big shadowy room was empty.

By EDNA  
CLARK  
DAVIS



OPAL NODDED. "I WOULDN'T STAY IN THIS PLACE, CHILE. IF YOU WAS TO OFFER ME A DIAMON' CROWN," SHE VOWED

No—not empty either. For as she glanced about with frightened eyes, over by the door there was a rustle of draperies, and Robin, with a terrified shriek that died in her throat, sank down on the lowest step in a trembling heap as a tall white figure turned slowly about to confront her.

"Why, my dear child, did I frighten you so much?" exclaimed a pleasant, apologetic and very human voice. "I'm so very sorry. I'm your across-the-street neighbor, Mrs. Perry, and I thought if you were just moving in, and tired out with housecleaning, some home-made cakes and fresh country strawberries might taste good to you."

As she spoke she placed on the table a bowl heaped high with big red berries, and a plate of appetizing cup cakes whose chocolate icing looked more than delicious to tired, hungry Robin, who recovered her composure and her manners in a twinkling.

"Thank you so very much. Won't you have a seat? I am ashamed to think I was so silly," she returned with a little flush of embarrassment as she jumped to her feet and lifted grateful dark eyes to the friendly blue ones that smiled at her so sociably.

She felt an instant liking for this gray-haired, rosy-cheeked new neighbor, but the nerve-wracking experience through which she had just passed, she resolved to share with no one but her twin for the time being.

Mrs. Perry was glad to see the rosy color soon creep back into Robin's cheeks, and in five minutes she had brought back the sparkle to her eyes and the laughter to her lips by a breezy little description of her own family.

"There are only the three of us, you see, Mr. Perry, Tony and I. Tony is my son, and his real name is Anthony, but needless to say he's always called by his nickname. And we like to call him Tony. He collects, you know."



"Collects?" echoed Rob in a mystified tone, but apparently very much interested just the same. "Collects what?"

"Anything. Everything. It doesn't make the slightest difference to Tony what it is. My dear, that boy is a born collector. It started in his cradle with rattles, I do believe. And now it's stamps and butterflies, coins and flowers, fossils and goodness knows what all. That third floor front room of mine is a regular museum. However, it gives him something to do in his spare time during the summer, for there are very few young people around here."

"There'll be four more very soon," Robin reminded her with a merry glance, "and you may wish that there were four less, for we're quite a noisy bunch. Of course, Malcolm is not much more than a baby, but Allison is only a year younger than Bob and I, and Bob is my twin. He is at the store now, but I expect him back at any moment. I know he'll be so glad to think that there is a boy about his own age living near."

"Tony is away now. I don't expect him back for several days. He'll probably run your doorsill off and wear his welcome out when he returns, for young neighbors will be such a delightful surprise for him," Mrs. Perry continued.

"Did you know Uncle Fergus?" Robin inquired as Mrs. Perry, with a glance at the alarm clock, jumped to her feet and declared she must be leaving. "We only saw him once, but I imagine he must have been very odd."

"Yes, he was," Mrs. Perry admitted with candor. "I only knew him well enough to say 'good morning.' He and that white-haired Mr. MacIntyre from the inn, played chess together almost every evening, and sometimes I could see them through the window, long flowing red whiskers and little white chin whiskers opposite each other, with the checker board between."

She broke off in her reminiscences at the sound of an approaching whistle.

"It's my brother," said Robin, as Bob came in with a bottle tucked under one arm and a small gray kitten bundled under the other.

"It's for you, Rob," he explained as he pressed the bundle of purring fur in his sister's outstretched arms, and bowed as Robin presented him to Mrs. Perry. "The man at the store had four, and said that you might have this one to keep. I thought it would be lots of company for you."

"Indeed, it will," beamed Robin, squeezing the kitten in the curve of her arm until it gave a protesting *meow*. "We've always wanted a cat, but never had room for one before. They look so homey and domestic when they wash their paws."

"How very much alike you twins are," Mrs. Perry exclaimed as she looked from one vivid dark face to the other. "But I really mustn't stay here chatting a moment longer," she continued. "Don't cook anything tomorrow morning. Come on over and have a hot breakfast with us."

"We would love to," chorused the twins together with sincerity, while Robin added

shyly, "and I hope that your son will come over and look through the library as often as he feels like it. I haven't been in the octagon room as yet, but Mother said it was most unusual and interesting. I think the Scotch books were the only kind of collection that Uncle Fergus had."

"Except a really marvelous collection of junk," added Bob with a laughing look at his sister, as they walked to the front door with Mrs. Perry.

When she had gone, the twins lingered in the soft air. "I thought it was so dear and neighborly of her to run over with strawberries and cake. She brought us the most delicious looking little cup cakes, Bobby," said Robin.

"Cakes?" echoed Bob ravenously with a sudden prance, for cakes of any kind came very rarely in the Adair family. "Yum-yum. Lead me to them."

"Greedy," scolded Rob good naturedly as she ran inside. "Do you think you can eat three big ones? She certainly was generous for she brought us half a dozen. Mother sent deviled eggs, and two kinds of sandwiches, too, so we'll have a spiffy supper—a regular feast. I—"

She stopped short with a little catch in her breath, and gazed at the table with dilated eyes.

There in the middle was the glass bowl heaped high with the big ripe strawberries, while the pile of peanut butter sandwiches, still partially wrapped in waxed paper was beside it.

But only three cakes remained on the plate where six had been, and the ham sandwiches had disappeared entirely.

## CHAPTER IV

### *Proof and the Banshee's Wail*

"But, Rob, you *must* be mistaken," repeated Bob for at least the fifteenth time. "Cakes and sandwiches don't walk away without legs. Probably you only thought there were two piles of sandwiches, and it was an easy mistake to make about the number of cakes."

"No, I tell you I'm *not* mistaken," protested Rob hotly. "Do you think I'm a complete goose? I put a pile of sandwiches right there." She tapped the table none too gently to illustrate. "And I know there were six cakes. I counted them. I think the house is haunted."

"Nonsense. You're letting your imagination run away with you."

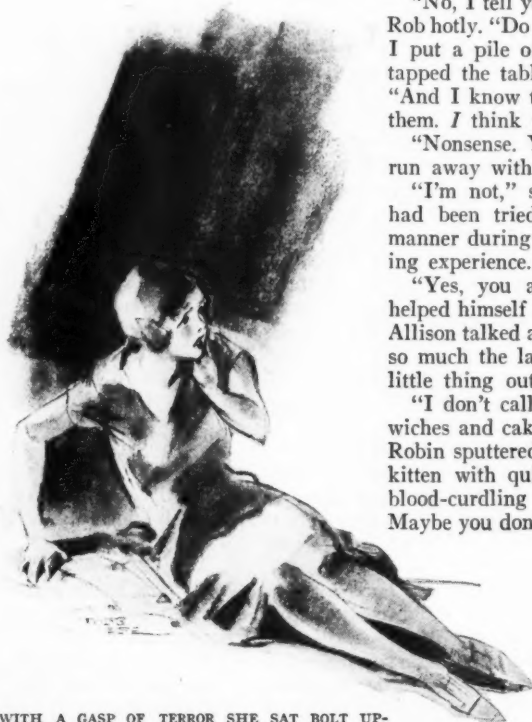
"I'm not," snapped Robin whose patience had been tried too far by her twin's calm manner during the recital of her nerve-wracking experience.

"Yes, you are too," persisted Bob as he helped himself to another sandwich. "You and Allison talked about ghosts and hidden treasure so much the last few days that now the least little thing out of the ordinary upsets you."

"I don't call it a little thing to have sandwiches and cakes spirited away mysteriously," Robin sputtered indignantly as she stroked the kitten with quick nervous pats. "Or to hear blood-curdling shrieks and bagpipes playing. Maybe you don't believe any of that happened, either," she ended in an outraged tone of voice.

Bob looked decidedly uncomfortable.

"Well, to tell the truth, Robbie, I don't think it did. Now don't get mad," he added hastily as he saw  
(Continued on page 54)



WITH A GASP OF TERROR SHE SAT BOLT UPRIGHT, EVERY HAIR ON HER HEAD PRICKLING

# If You Are Going Away

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

*Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion*

*Illustration by Katherine Shane Bushnell*

TO TAKE the road, completely self-sufficient, is one of those accomplishments of genius that make us look at seasoned travelers with a great deal of respect. In the old days they simply took up their beds, cooking paraphernalia and full wardrobes when they traveled, but quick transit, pullman car regulations and budget ideas on wardrobes have changed our methods. We now look upon the traveler as most efficient who has solved the problem of traveling light and looking lovely, whether the journey is a long one or very short. I've known girls who could go away for a week-end with one frock and a jar of cold cream. And I'm told that it's possible practically to spend a week with enough underwear and an extra blouse. My own calculations will not pare down that far, but still I do recognize that the demand is for compact efficiency.

At about this time of year fascinating combinations of frock, suit and coat offer delightful changes on one theme, and seem especially designed for the traveler. Lightweight tweed is practical in one of the newer plain tailored models—perhaps just a bit fitted, and belted. Tweed is fine for travel for it doesn't catch dirt, and it doesn't wrinkle. If it's not cut too much along sports lines it may be worn for all except the most formal occasions.

A matching wrap-around skirt is very nice to wear with this coat, and with a wide variety of sweaters and blouses. Sweaters may be of lisle or wool to suit different temperatures, and blouses of gingham, handkerchief linen or silk to suit different occasions.

To complete your daytime needs, I'd suggest a simple silk dress to match the predominating shade in the tweed, or to contrast with it. Since it's getting on toward spring, it wouldn't be amiss to choose a gay coral, green or yellow dress, for example, to go with a brown tweed. Or a beige dress to go with a green tweed, or a yellow one to go with a blue or gray tweed. This dress may have long sleeves or the new cap sleeves which will be popular this summer. It should be simply cut, however.

A little felt hat if properly chosen should meet all your needs. It should match your tweed, if your blouses, sweaters and dress are of different colors. If tweed, sweaters and blouses are neutral (such as tan) and the frock is bright, it may match the frock. I should suggest one of the new



SIMPLE CLOTHES ARE BEST FOR TRAVELING, EVERY EXPERIENCED TRAVELER WILL ALWAYS TELL YOU

sports hats with a little brim—they are much better than brimless hats as warm weather comes on and the sun gets brighter. A ribbon band and bow, or two or three tiny feathers stuck in the side of the crown makes a good trimming.

Washable pull-on fabric gloves are much the best for traveling. Choose a neutral shade and don't select trimmed styles. The plainer the glove, the better.

Two pair of shoes are always better than one. I'd have a pair of moderately strong oxfords and another pair of plain strap pumps in slightly lighter weight and in the same shade. Fine lisle stockings go well with the tweed and silk ones should be worn with the silk dress.

Choose a plain envelope purse of leather to match your shoes. Avoid silk, suede or any fancy style with tweed. Get a purse that's big enough to carry your money, papers and powder without bulging.

If your coat collar is flat it might be nice to wear a scarf inside your coat to fill in the neck. They are smart looped over once in a sort of simplified four-in-hand, and very comfortable in windy weather.

For traveling, pajamas are much the most practical thing, and I like the tailored models in striped cotton. A heavy striped cotton or lightweight striped or plain flannel robe is suitable. Don't wear fussy negligees on a sleeping car. It's awfully bad form. If you want to save space get yourselves some folding slippers which tuck into a crack.

The most practical travel underwear from the standpoint of space and laundry is silk knit. This packs in a small space and may be washed out and dried over night, so making it unnecessary to carry many changes. Less expensive and very popular with young people now is the pale colored thin cotton knit underwear which may be had in shirts and pants. Under tweeds, tailored underwear is certainly more suitable than lacy silk stuff. Many girls love the little shorts with brassières to match. These come in striped or other novelty cotton as well as in sturdy tub silk. With a silk frock it is usually necessary to wear a slip, and if tweed is not moderately smooth it is apt to hang better if it has a silk slip under it.

The best packing arrangement for a short trip is two medium-sized bags, one to carry toilet articles and night clothes, the other for extra underwear, frock and shoes.

(Continued on page 64)



# Girl Scouts the

*You will find them in distant Egypt and picturesque Holland, and whether they are called Guides or Girl Scouts or by some other name, they have the same jolly times*



THE PICTURE AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE SHOWS THREE GIRL GUIDES OF RAMLEH, EGYPT. AT THE LEFT, SOME CANADIAN GIRL GUIDES DO A GOOD TURN BY HELPING OUT A FARMER

FROM CHINA, HALF-WAY ACROSS THE WORLD, CAME THIS BRITISH GIRL GUIDE AND MET, IN A GIRL SCOUT TROOP IN WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, A NATIVE OF THE COUNTRY IN WHICH SHE HAD LIVED



THE SOUTH AMERICAN BABY AT THE EXTREME RIGHT OF THIS PAGE SEEMS TO BE THOROUGHLY ENJOYING HIS BATH AT THE HANDS OF AN EXPERT GIRL GUIDE OF BRAZIL WHO KNOWS ABOUT CHILD CARE

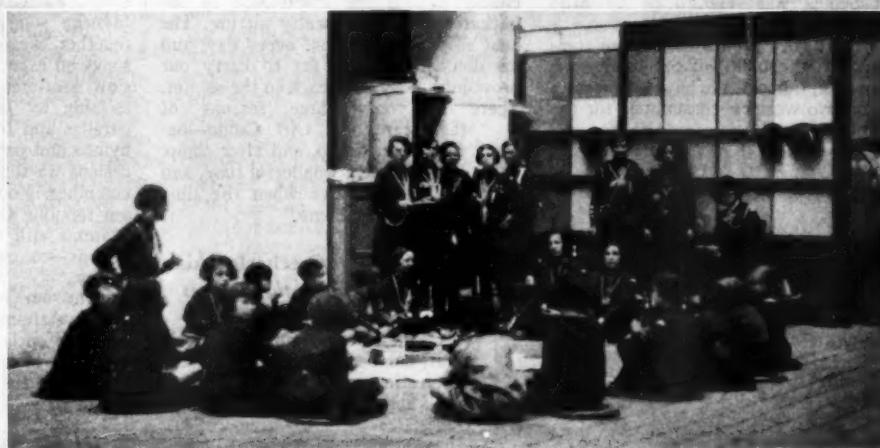




# World Over



ABOVE, IN THE CIRCLE, A NETHERLANDS GUIDE GETS THE CAMP WATER SUPPLY. AT THE RIGHT ARE FILIPINO GIRLS OF HAWAII IN THEIR COLORFUL NATIVE DRESS



GIRL GUIDES OF FAR-AWAY OPORTO, PORTUGAL, SENT THIS PHOTOGRAPH TO THE INTERNATIONAL NUMBER OF "THE AMERICAN GIRL," GREETING YOU ALL



WHEN THE GIRLS OF BUDAPESTH, HUNGARY, GO CAMPING, ONE OF THEIR FIRST TASKS IS TO FILL THEIR MATTRESS AT THE HAYSTACK OF A FRIENDLY FARMER



**D**ID YOU ever wish you could have at least one friend in every country in the world, to whom you could ask as many questions as you wanted about how people in other lands look and think and act? If you have felt that way sometimes, these letters from Girl Scouts and Girl Guides all over the world should give you a real thrill. For they will tell all of you some of the most interesting things that you have often wondered about of Girl Scouts in foreign countries.

We'll begin with a letter from our next door neighbor—just to get used to world traveling! This description of Canadian Girl Scouts was sent to us by Miss Florence M. Allen.

"We are the Seventh Saint John company of Girl Guides, of St. John, New Brunswick, Canada. We have been camping for two weeks each summer for the

## Our International

last five years at Pinehurst, near Carter's Point, on the St. John River. It is a beautiful spot and its name expresses itself. We put up our own tents and shelter, and sleep on the ground with blankets and a rubber sheet under us, and, of course, lots of blankets over us. And on warm moonlight nights we sleep out under the stars.

"The white tents standing out so clearly against the green hills in the background make a pretty picture. The boat stops at our wharf every day, and we don't have very far to carry our provisions along the beach to the shelter. There are only three seasons of the year to a Girl Guide—before camp, camp, and after camp. We do have a wonderful time, and so hate to leave when the time comes to go home."

### Camping in Czechoslovakia *Summer fun in the Balkans*

Czechoslovakia, since the World War, has become one of the most interesting countries of Europe. And here is a letter from Lida

Filipova, of Praha, telling about summers and winters with the Czechoslovakian Girl Guides.

"Guides live very differently during the winter and during the summer. During the winter we have meetings where we are taught the theory of Guide life. We play all the wonderful games of Guides, and learn how to knit and embroider. We are very fond of our national songs. Each company used to have its favorite songs and when we all meet together, we love to sing march songs, songs on excursions, and sometimes just slow sentimental songs which we like to sing by campfire. When we have parades and festivals we choose solemn hymns and patriotic songs. On these occasions we sometimes wear our national costumes. You know, in some parts of our republic (especially in Slovakia) the peasants still wear them on special occasions—to church, or to weddings or fiestas.

"But our real life begins at camp. We have about ten or fifteen tents which we pitch on large poles about three feet high. We begin our day at six or seven o'clock in the morning when one Girl Guide wakes the whole camp. After ten



THESE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN GIRLS (ABOVE) SAY THAT IT'S GREAT FUN TO PARE VEGETABLES IN THE COOL OUTDOOR KITCHEN OF THEIR GIRL GUIDE CAMP ON HOT SUMMER DAYS

"READY, SET, GO—"AND HOW THESE SCOTTISH GIRL GUIDES DID GO AT IT IN THEIR EXCITING BREAD-CUTTING RACE AT KINNAIRD CAMP, EDINBURGH, LAST SUMMER (RIGHT)





# Mail Bag

*Illustrated with  
foreign photographs*

minutes of exercises and a cold plunge, we have breakfast. And then begins the day's work. Two or three girls are chosen to cook, two others to go shopping. The other Guides are taught different handiwork, useful during camping. In the afternoon we all go to plays and games and on excursions. In the evening we sing and talk round the campfire.

"The older Guides attend a combined camp and training school and really love it. Last year we had lectures on different subjects, for instance, the history of the Girl Scout movement, especially of Girl Guides, meetings of Guides, excursions, camping, Brownies, Rangers, Boy Scouts, hygiene, first aid, some modern physical training methods, how to prepare the meals during our camping, and a good deal of study in geology, biology, etc. And next year we hope to arrange for an assembly of all captains in the Czechoslovakian republic."

## A Letter from Norway High School in Scandinavia

Elinor Wilson, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has sent us this interesting descrip-

tion of Norwegian life as it was written to her by Gudrun Kobro, her Post Box correspondent friend of Tromsø, Norway.

"Dear unknown Elinor:

"I got your name and address in our Scout newspaper. What a pretty name you have! I don't like my name. My whole name is Gudrun Augusta Hamilton Kobro. My friends call me 'Gurn'. Will you call me 'Gurn', please? Have you any nickname? I have light brown hair and dark brown eyes. I was born October 18, 1914, and I am very high. I have two brothers and two sisters. Here's the names: Gudrun, fifteen years old (myself); Karen Sybilla (Biffen), thirteen years old; Charles, eleven years old; Ragnar, eight years old; Mimi (Mims), four years old.

"Mims is nice. Biffen, too. I live in a little town, Tromsø, long northwards Norway. Tromsø is called 'The Northern Norway's Paris'. I live in a large yellow country house where we have a fine look out over the harbor. Tromsø lies on an island, and on the other side of the ferry there's

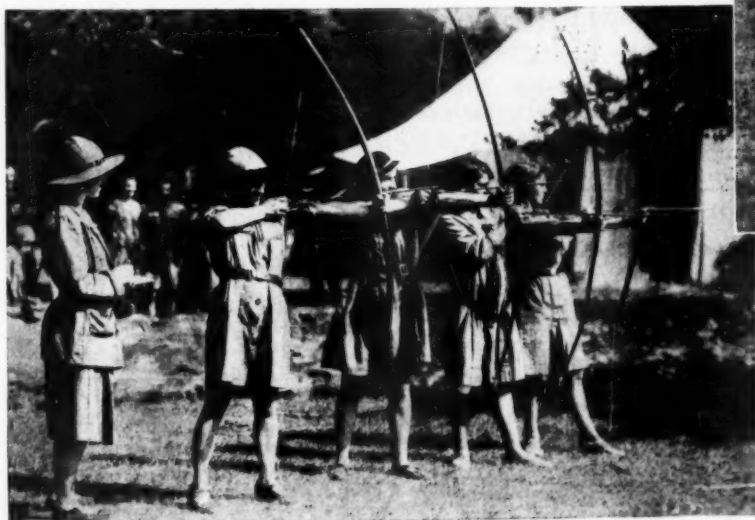
three mountains. The highest is called 'Tinden'. On that mountain, snow is always. In the winter we use five hours to come at the top. It is 1239 metres over the sea.

"I go in a school. There we learn English, German, mathematics, history, geography, and gym. Gym is short for gymnastics. I love gym, don't you? In English and German we have a teacher who is very maidenlike, and we call him Miss. Our mathematic teacher is very old and poisonous. In geography we have a teacher who is quite young and very distraught, and when we have lessons with him we do all we wish. In history and gym, we have a young lady. She is nice

(Continued on page 52)



LITTLE WONDER THESE NORWEGIAN GIRL GUIDES (ABOVE) ARE HAPPY WHEN THEY ENJOY TWENTY-TWO HOURS OF DAYLIGHT OUT OF TWENTY-FOUR AT THEIR SUMMER CAMP



THERE ARE ROBIN HOODS IN FAR-OFF POLAND, TOO, AS YOU WILL SEE BY THE BEVY OF MERRY ARCHERS (LEFT), AIMING STRAIGHT FOR THE BULL'S EYE MANY FEET AHEAD OF THEM



## Pataud on Patrol

(Continued from page 9)

Yvette sat down rather dangerously near the edge of the rock. Her knees were trembling as if they had motors in them. To take a long breath brought a sharp pain in her left side. But what difference did it make! At last she knew the wonder of seeing the world stretching beneath her feet.

Wisps of clouds like soap bubbles floated past. Strange how they made the valley swim in the sunset haze! She wondered why those clouds made the very sky itself spin dizzily. How good it felt to rest. She closed her eyes and lay back on the rock. Tufted it was with Alpine moss and soft clusters of dwarfed fern. After all, was this cliff not a kind of summit? Was she not in the world of clouds and wind? "I must be almost to the top," she murmured wearily. "It's there, just a little way above. I can rest a little while."

Half an hour, perhaps more, she lay there. Then, making up her mind to climb on to the very top of the Gourse,

she tried to stand. But she was numb. Her feet and legs were powerless. All her muscles had contracted from the cold, and she could not catch her breath; to try brought pain as if a knife were stabbing. She could not even stand! She could not move! Again and again she called for help. But there were only the wet clouds to hear.

Darkness came on; the workers came back from the vineyards. Ninon returned Pataud and his cart to The Six Cats where she found Mademoiselle Rose and Samuel in a panic. Yvette had disappeared. They had hunted everywhere!

Pataud did not understand their words. But he knew from the excited tone of their voices that something was decidedly wrong. What? The frail creature, of course. Something was forever happening to frail creatures. The harness was in his way. Would they never set him free?

At last! Springing clear of the cart Pataud began to leap about, barking and trying to tell them, "If the frail creature is in danger, let me find her.

Why don't you do something? Why don't you bring me something she has worn that will give me the scent?"

Everyone knew that in a crisis like this, reasoning was useless compared to Pataud's sense of smell.

Mademoiselle Rose rushed indoors for one of Yvette's shoes.

Samuel ran for ropes and blankets and lanterns, for the dark was coming on fast.

Ninon talked to Pataud. "You must find her, Pataud. We'll come with you, of course, but it is you, you only, who can show us which way she has gone."

The great Saint Bernard barked no more, but lifted his head proudly. His whole body was tense, his thick, shaggy coat bristled, his huge jaws, wet and slobbering, hung open.

Samuel came running with the necessary equipment. He tied one of the ropes to Pataud's collar.

Mademoiselle Rose came with Yvette's shoe. "Here, Pataud, take the scent."

One long sniff was enough. Pataud.

(Continued on page 40)

## How to be Popular (?) Abroad

*Of course, this isn't you! It's only our old acquaintance, the incorrigible Milly Wrong, traveling and being a nuisance*

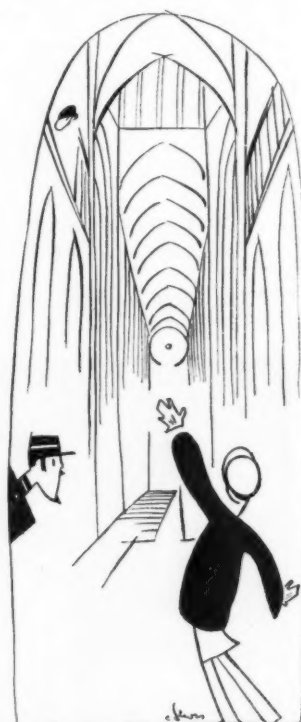
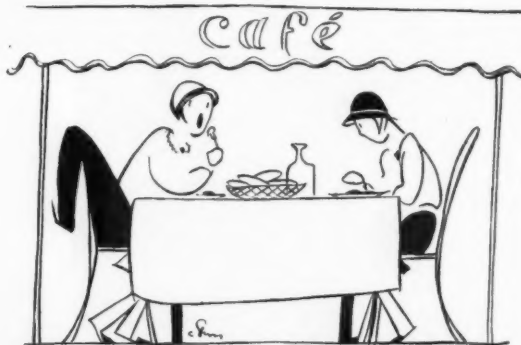


"Nice—but you ought to see our new Bank Building!" (Why make comparisons?)

(Right) "This can't compare with the food at home!" (Neither tactful nor polite.)



"You people certainly do talk funny!" (Milly doesn't hear her own queer speech!)



"Yoo-hoo, Mary! Come on down!" (She wouldn't call out in a church at home. So why do it over here?)

Cartoons by Catharine Lewis

The mystery of "The House with the Cross-eyed Windows" grows more baffling—

*With a SINGER Electric and this new book you will find it fun to make draperies like these*

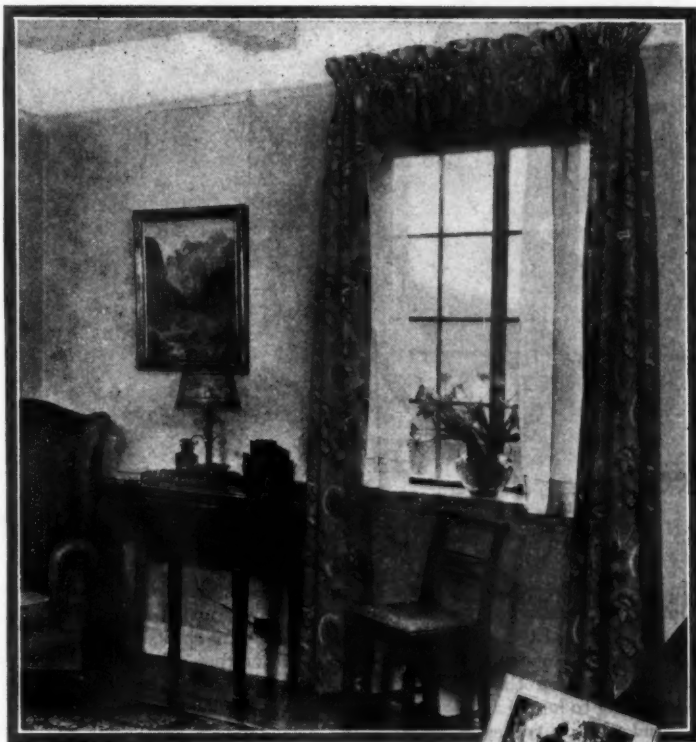
# For Your Own Room

NO longer need you coax mother to buy you new curtains and draperies for now you can make them yourself! Yes, you can—for here is a wonderful new book, "How to Make Draperies," that tells you just exactly what to do. It shows you how to measure your windows; how to determine exactly the amount of material to buy, how much fullness to provide, how to allow for hems and casings, how to measure for valances and bandings and ruffles. It tells how to make snugly covered cordings, straight, smart-looking pipings, ruffles with jaunty headings—how to do all the little tricks that give your work that professional look.

With this book to guide you and a modern Singer Electric in your home you can decorate your own windows—make your own fabric furnishings—draperies, curtains, slip covers—with completely successful results. You can choose the colors you like best, have fabrics that are exactly right for your room—all at a cost unbelievably small.

Tell your mother that in decorating three or four rooms, you and she together can save enough by making your own fabric furnishings to completely pay for a Singer Electric. And then you have the machine for a lifetime, to make as many charming furnishings as you wish and all the lovely clothes you both long to have each season.

Why not decide now to get a modern Singer



**FREE!**

## *How to Make Draperies*

Instructions for making the draperies shown above and 37 other types of home furnishings are in this new book. Ask any Singer Shop or Representative for a copy. It is yours without cost or obligation.



Electric, enjoy its use in the making of your clothes and your draperies this Spring, and let it pay for itself out of the savings. You can turn in your old machine for a good allowance and take care of the balance a little each month. Any Singer Shop or Representative will send a Singer Electric to your home to try on the Self Demonstration Plan, and will arrange convenient terms. Simply call or phone the nearest Singer Shop—the address is in your local telephone directory.



*National Sewing Week, April 7 to 12*

Enroll now for special classes of free instruction in home sewing at all Singer Shops



# SINGER ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINES

Copyright U. S. A. 1927 and 1930 by The Singer Manufacturing Co. All Rights Reserved for All Countries

*There are thrills and shivers aplenty, in April, as queer things happen*



## "It's for you, Ann..."

In fact, it nearly always was for Ann. Jim calling to ask her to go canoeing. Bob wanting her to play tennis. Peggy asking her to come out for a picnic and dance. Exciting things were *always* happening to her.

And why do you suppose? Simply because Ann was the marvelous kind of girl no party can do without. She had vivacity and life and sparkle. She was always ready to dance off to something new, no matter what she'd just finished doing.

Perhaps even those who knew Ann best didn't quite realize that the real secret of this vivacity and sparkle and popularity was the perfect health she gained from sports. Tennis, hockey, basketball, swimming and cross-country tramps kept her in the very pink of condition—clear-eyed, with a fresh, outdoor complexion and a zest for working hard and playing hard.

Ann is a shining example of how every one of you can be popular and charming.

Go in for sports—*regularly*, not just now and then. And be sure to have the right equipment. Loose, roomy, sleeveless frocks for tennis; well-cut shorts or bloomers for basketball and hockey; and for *every* sport—proper shoes.

For, in sports, footwork is all-important. It means poise and sureness and speed.

Keds are your greatest possible ally here. They are built especially to help you excel in sports—all kinds of sports. They are pliable, so your feet have perfect freedom. They are porous, so there is plenty of breathing space. And they're designed so as to give the foot snug, firm protection.

You'll find Keds in all the best shoe stores from \$1 to \$4 a pair. Ask for Keds by name. They are not Keds unless the name "Keds" is on the shoe.

# Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

United States  Rubber Company



**Keds "Champion Oxford"**  
(left) Keds oxford models such as the "Champion" give you a wide choice in colors as well as price, which starts at \$1.00 and runs up to \$2.50.

**Keds "Mercury"**  
(right) Light and rugged—a shoe that brother may be wearing. Keds models of this type are priced as low as \$1.00 or up to \$3.00.



## Pataud on Patrol

(Continued from page 38)

muzzle to the ground circled the terrace, the garden, the fringes of the wood and then, stiffening, took off down the road to the patch up the Tour de Gourse.

Samuel, Mademoiselle Rose and Ninon had all they could do to keep up with him. Lanterns, ropes, blankets swinging from their arms, they followed the old dog headlong down the hill and then in breathless ascent through the woods. There was not a moment to lose. All too well these natives of the Canton of Vaud knew the dangers of the Bise and the perils of the swiftly descending darkness on the mountain.

Pataud never hesitated until he reached the place where the trail merged with the brook. Here the mud and water hindered him; he lost the scent. "Let me loose! Let me loose!" he snarled. "Can't you see I'm helpless tied by a rope?"

Samuel let him go.

For five or ten minutes he sniffed the muddy trail. A starless night had fallen. Only the lantern rays flashing here and there against the tree-trunks, broke the impenetrable darkness.

With a shrill yelp, Pataud told them he had found the trail.

Up now, across the slippery boulders, over the jagged steps of rock and on, on through the awful darkness to that windy clearing and the cliff where Yvette had stopped to rest.

Here Pataud halted. Here was the end of the scent. But there was no frail creature.

Cold, wet clouds swirled about them from the heights; the wind was bitter as it swept across that barren crag. All the spaces below were silent, wrapped in horrible mystery.

Pataud's barks became dismal howls. He had come to the end of the scent but he had found no one to rescue.

Muzzle to the ground once more, the old dog circled round and round that cliff coming at length to the very edge of the rock. Here he stiffened and began to howl.

Mademoiselle Rose, Samuel and Ninon gazed at one another in silent agony.

Suddenly Pataud stopped howling. Uttering one sharp bark, he turned, darted past them to disappear in the woods at the back of the cliff!

The rope hanging useless in his hands now, Samuel swore violently. Hopeless it was to try to follow the dog in the dark.

Mademoiselle Rose, half mad with terror, called Samuel names.

Ninon too, reproached the old man.

But Samuel was not sure that letting Pataud go was a blunder. "If you two had half the sense that the dog has," he grumbled, "we'd find her in no time. We shall wait here. Pataud will come back."

They waited in the black, bitter cold. Hours those few minutes seemed.

Then—then from the depths below the cliff, came Pataud's joyful bark, the one which means in Saint Bernard language, "I have found the lost one! Come here! I have found the lost one!"

They went to the brink and held their dim lanterns over the treacherous abyss.

There on a rock, fifteen feet below,

*Peanuts was just a puppy, but if it hadn't been for him—*



they saw the body of the frail Yvette! But how reach the ledge? How find the way down, as the dog had done?

"The ropes, Ninon, Mademoiselle Rose. We must use the ropes. You, Ninon, I must lower you! You two could not hold my weight. Quick, Ninon!" He tied a rope securely about her waist. "Quick, Ninon! She is either dead or dying!"

Ninon did not cringe from the awful ordeal, just closed her eyes, clung to the rope about her, letting Samuel lower her over the cliff. Terrified? No! Ninon was a staunch daughter of the Alpine heights.

Terrified, overcome from exhaustion, paralyzed with cold, Yvette had fallen from the cliff, but she was only stunned.

Pataud had flung himself, blanket fashion, over the frail one, and he was lashing her face and hands with his warm tongue. This he continued to do while Ninon untied the rope from about her waist to secure it about her friend.

Ninon was strong and skillful; she knew the required knot, knew, too, the exact way to pass the rope about the girl's body. In less than three minutes all was ready to pull Yvette to safety.

Then Pataud led Ninon back through the dark woods to the cliff, and the long, tortuous journey down the Gourse began.

Warmed by the blankets they had wrapped about her, and the constant joggling on Samuel's shoulder, Yvette came to before they had gone very far. But the wise old man knew that to sympathize would be fatal. "You must try to walk, Mademoiselle Yvette," he commanded gruffly. "No matter how it hurts, you must try to use your legs. Stand up. I can't carry you all the way down the mountain."

Agony it was at first, but little by little Yvette found that she could stand, even take a step or two. "Now walk; here, lean on us. And hurry. We can't stand here all night in the woods," ordered Samuel who was secretly pleased by Yvette's bravery.

"No bones are broken, *chérie*," whispered Ninon. "You had a close escape, but you are safe. See, you can walk."

Ninon's "dear" encouraged Yvette; she smiled, and leaning heavily on Samuel and Mademoiselle Rose, dragged herself between them down the path.

Pathetically every now and then she would murmur, "I'm sorry. I must have been mad to have gone off like that."

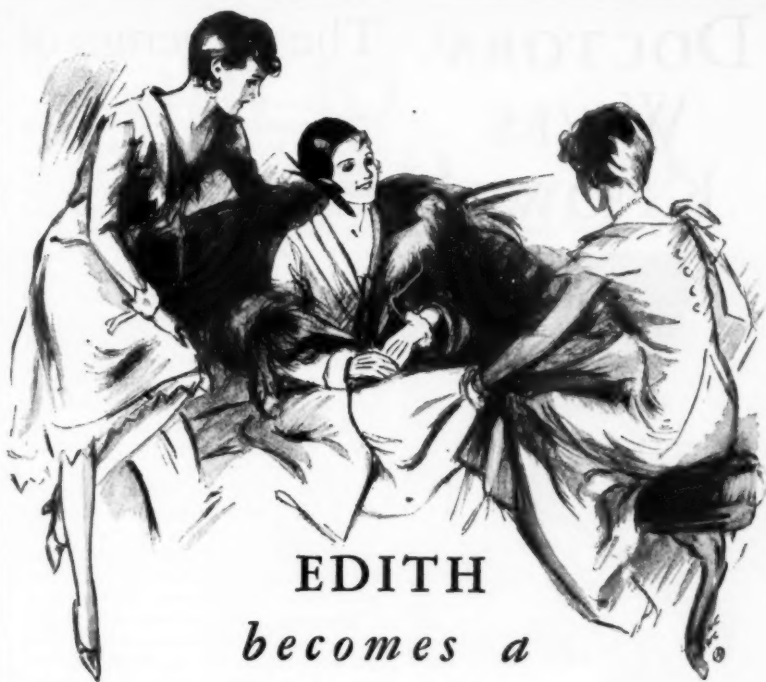
"I think you were a little mad, but a single experience of this kind always cures the madness."

"Will you forgive me, Samuel? I didn't know what I was doing. And—and you might have lost your lives, all of you, trying to find me. Will you forgive me, Samuel?" Not a word of complaint about the pains all through her body!

The lanterns were sending weird shadows through the woods. Now and again a ray of light shone on Pataud's coat as he trotted triumphantly ahead.

Approaching The Six Cats, Ninon assured the Saint Bernard that Malou should be told of this, his latest heroism.

Whereupon, Pataud, at the mention of the loved name, Malou, bounded ahead in the hope, the undying hope of seeing his mistress again at her pink house.



## EDITH becomes a "GOOD LOOKS GARDENER"

"HORRORS! She'll be here for the dance tomorrow night," groaned Vere, as she finished reading Edith's telegram.

"Whatever will you do with her?" asked Jinny. "Nobody'll take her. You know what a flat tire she was the last time she was down. Of course she's clever, and she dances well. But she's so dull and colorless that she just doesn't register."

"We might ask Pete," suggested Vere. "He's an awful bore; but he'd be better than no one." So Vere and Jinny arranged a "date" with the uninteresting Pete.

And... Saturday morning Edith arrived... an Edith transformed, vivid, glowing with life and color!

"Edie, what have you done to yourself?" exclaimed the two girls.

"I've become a 'Good Looks Gardener,'" replied Edith, laughing.

"A—a what?"

"A 'Good Looks Gardener.' Heaven knows I needed to. I know what a pale, lifeless creature I was! But one of Mother's friends gave me a little book called *The Garden Where Good Looks Grow*." It suggested a wonderful health and beauty program that I've been following—fresh air, of course, and exercise, and lots of sleep. And a perfectly marvelous new mealtime drink

© 1930, G. F. Corp

*Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled twenty minutes.*

that makes me love to take the milk I need."

"What is it?" asked Vere.

"It's Instant Postum, made with hot milk. It's delicious—and it has helped me so much that I call it my 'beauty drink.'"

"I don't wonder!" exclaimed Jinny.

"Really, you're a howling success as a 'Gardener,' Edie!"

"And you're going to be a howling success at the dance tonight, if I know the signs," added Vere.

The booklet which started Edith on the road to radiant health and beauty may be yours for the asking. The coupon will bring it to you, along with one week's supply of Instant Postum, FREE.

Try this delicious drink, made from whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. By adding hot (not boiled) milk to Instant Postum you can have, in a moment's time, a beverage that combines the health-building elements of milk with the wholesomeness of golden grains—a beverage ideal for health and beauty!

### MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INC. P.—A. G. 3-30  
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your booklet, "The Garden Where Good Looks Grow," and a week's supply of Instant Postum.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Fill in completely—Print name and address

In Canada  
address GENERAL FOODS, Limited,  
Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario,

Well, read "Easter in the Rain"—in the April issue

# DOCTORS' WIVES KNOW..!



Jane P.—and Robert S., typical of healthy babies whose fathers are doctors.

## For their babies' things they use LUX

WHO in the world gets better care than the babies who have doctors for fathers?

So we asked doctors' wives (scores of them) what they found the very best, very safest way to cleanse babies' wee garments. And 91% of all those asked said—"We use Lux!"

Child specialists, maternity centers, baby experts, all advise Lux. Lux has none of the harmful alkali so many soaps have—therefore Lux never irritates the baby's sensitive skin.

Woolens and diapers washed with ordinary flakes or chips, or rubbed with cake soap, become stiff and harsh—may cause chafing. Ordinary soaps just aren't pure and gentle enough for babies!



Little Gloria B.—'s mother keeps her small garments soft and sweet with Lux.



# The Revenge of H'Emma 'Annah

(Continued from page 14)

in the meanest manner—having urged her along so far, he surely might have stayed with her to the end—Emma Hannah's evil spirit flew away and left her alone. It was at precisely ten o'clock that night that her accomplice deserted her, and immediately Emma Hannah's conscience began to come round again. How it pricked and smarted and ached and stung! The pain grew worse as the night wore on, until by twelve o'clock, Emma Hannah was sitting up in bed in wide-eyed agony, conscious now of her full enormity and knowing that she would never have another moment's happiness until she had put right the wrong that she had done.

But how was the wrong to be put right? That was the question. Six sums in long division cannot be worked out successfully in six minutes—and that was practically all the time Four B would have tomorrow morning before class. People rarely came earlier to school than was absolutely necessary, and Dorothy and her friends were not among the few that did. Arithmetic class was first lesson. Miss Marshall was invariably punctual for her classes. It seemed at first as though the wrong *couldn't* be put right.

Then an idea came to Emma Hannah. Four B couldn't possibly work out, or even copy out, the sums in the few minutes its members would have before school. But there would be time for each girl to write her name and the other necessary details at the top of the paper if somebody else had the sums all ready. It wasn't exactly an honest thing to do, perhaps. But in the circumstances—

Emma Hannah wasted no more time in thinking. Springing out of bed, she put on dressing-gown and slippers, and taking her candle, stole softly downstairs, where she got exercise paper and pen and ink and set to work to foil her own scheme.

There were eighteen members of Form Four B, and it took Emma Hannah until close to four o'clock to make enough copies to go round. Even though she had only to copy her own paper, the work took a long while, for it was necessary to make a few alterations in the method of working. Necessary, too, to work out some of the sums wrong! It would never do, for instance, to let Dorothy Hall have all her sums right. Such a thing would be sure to excite Miss Marshall's suspicions. Emma Hannah allowed her four correct answers. To four papers, she gave five correct replies, and on the remaining twelve she allowed all six of the sums to be absolutely right.

There remained one paper to be done

—her own. She had already done it once, the sums worked out neatly and tidily. But that neat paper could not be shown up now. Emma Hannah's conscience was far too painful still to permit of that. Wearily and sleepily she wrote a fresh arithmetic paper, every page of it smudgy and untidy and every single answer laboriously worked out wrong. She overslept herself next morning, and was very nearly late for school in consequence. Reaching the fourth form classroom, she tore open her satchel and handed round to the astonished members of the form, the papers upon which she had toiled through the night.

"You've all done the wrong sums! Miss Marshall changed them—on the blackboard on Monday evening. None of you noticed—and I was a beastly pig and didn't tell you. And if you give in the wrong answers, she'll keep you all in this afternoon. I'm frightfully sorry and I've written out a new paper for everyone. Put your names on them and tear up the ones you've done—quickly!"

Four B stared at her.

"What the dickens are you gasping about?" asked Dorothy.

"We can't show up your papers. It would be cheating," Marie cried.

"What in the world do you take us for?" demanded Phyllis.

"Please, please?" begged Emma Hannah, nearly in tears. "She'll keep you in if you don't—and it's your hockey match. It won't really be cheating for it'll be the same for

everybody. I'll tell you all about it in break, but there isn't time to explain it now. Please do as I say, quickly!"

And Four B did it. Strictly speaking it ought not to have been done, of course. But Emma Hannah was so dreadfully upset and insistent, and there was so little time to decide, and after all it wasn't exactly cheating, for, Emma Hannah said, it *was* the same for everybody. And in the circumstances—

Anyway, it did it. And Miss Marshall never noticed anything wrong—fortunately, differences in handwriting don't show nearly so much in figures—and she marked the papers high all round, except Emma Hannah's, and grimly congratulated the form upon the results.

"I wondered whether you would observe that I had altered your preparation. I am glad to see that you have taken my words to heart and have made a habit of reading your instructions. You have all done well, with the exception of Emma Snuggs. What happened to you, Emma? You do not generally send me in papers as poor as this. I am afraid you will have to take a



Have you a Little House? Or are you planning one?—

returned lesson and work out these sums again. Your paper, Dorothy, shows a very great improvement. I hope the improvement will be maintained. Now get out your note-books, please."

Nobody from Four B went out into the playground that day for break. Everybody clustered round Emma Hannah and asked questions instead. And Emma Hannah, very white and tense, told the whole story in brusque, jerky sentences—mitigating nothing, extenuating nothing—just telling in all its naked truth the dreadful thing she had done.

"I hated you all and felt mean and wicked—and—and I did it on purpose, so's you should all be kept in," she said.

There was silence in Four B for quite a long time. Then Violet said in puzzled tones:

"But you got the answers right for the rest of us. How was it you didn't get any right for yourself? You had every single sum wrong on your own paper!"

Emma Hannah nodded.

"Yes. I did that on purpose, too. To punish myself for being so wicked and mean," she said.

It was Dorothy who rescued the embarrassing situation. She stepped forward impulsively and thumped Emma Hannah upon the back.

"How perfectly brickish of you," she said.

"You are rather a trump," said Phyllis. "It would have been too sickening for words if we'd got kept in this afternoon."

"It would have been absolutely the limit," said Dorothy. "We're playing a hockey match this afternoon," she explained unnecessarily to Emma Hannah. "You don't play hockey, do you?"

"No, I can't, and I haven't got any hockey stick," said Emma Hannah.

"Haven't you? I've got an old one at home I don't want. I'll give it to you and we'll teach you how to play," said Dorothy. "If we teach you how to play hockey, you won't have so much time for swotting, and Marshie won't be able to hold you up as shining light all the while. Come along and watch us play this afternoon. Then you'll get an idea of how to do it. You could come back and have tea with us, if you cared to. There'll be loads of food, and my mater would be awfully pleased to see you, I'm sure. Will you come?"

Emma Hannah grew scarlet with pleasure and surprise.

"I—I'd like to—ever so much," she managed to gasp out.

"That's right then. You come. You know where the field is, don't you? Be along about half-past two and I'll be on the look-out for you. And Emma—I want to say—I'm frightfully sorry I made fun of your name. I'll never call you that again, I won't, honor bright."

"Nor will any of us," promised Four B contritely.

Suddenly, quite surprisingly, Emma Hannah's feelings completely changed. "Oh but—but—I'd like you to," she cried in consternation.

"Like us to do what?" asked Four B, not quite understanding.

"Call me H'Emma 'Annah," said Emma Hannah Snuggs.

# Want to Get Ahead?



The great English writer, Arnold Bennett, said, "I suppose that for the majority of men the suspension of income for a single month would mean either bankruptcy, the usurer, or acute inconvenience".

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.,  
Dept. 330-X  
One Madison Avenue, New York

Please mail, without charge, booklet "Let Budget Help" which shows how to make incomes cover necessary expenditures—with something left over—and gives full details relating to budgeting incomes ranging from \$100 to \$800 a month.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....

© 1930 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

A MAN has small chance to get somewhere and be somebody if he is entirely dependent upon his next pay-check. He is likely to be as helpless as a child if his income stops.

Many a man finds himself in a rebellious frame of mind and sorry for himself because he is "broke". He feels bottled-up, half-stifled, almost shackled and handcuffed. Unhappy in his work, he does it half-heartedly, badly.

He wants to quit his job but he doesn't dare. His boss would like to discharge him but waits because he is sorry for him and his family.

If a man has not learned how to live within his income, it makes little difference whether he earns \$1,000 or \$10,000—he will always be in trouble. But budgeting his weekly or monthly salary to cover expenses for the necessities and comforts of life will show him how to live within his income whatever it may be.

Do you know how the experts arrange a budget for salaries from \$1,000 to \$10,000? Do you know what per cent of the income should be spent for each of the general expense items—food

shelter, clothing, household operating expense, insurance, education, entertainment and investment?

When speculation is substituted for investment the last hope for safety usually vanishes.

Budgets have solved money problems in many homes. A typical illustration is furnished by a woman who provided a good home for husband, high school daughter and 12-year-old son on \$200 a month. She reported that when they attempted to live without a budget they were always in debt and worst of all in mental and physical distress. Since their conversion to "the budget way" they have found they are able to live better and save 10%.

Have you ever experienced the peace of mind and satisfaction that result from an intelligent budgeting of your income? With necessities provided for and a little money left over you have a far better chance to get ahead.

Send for booklet entitled, "Let Budget Help", which was written with a full understanding of the problems of those with limited incomes. Use coupon above.



## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

You'll find lots of news about Girl Scout Little Houses—in April



## "Captain" Hildegard

(Continued from page 17)  
the Red Sea to the other. Her father compromised—to distinguish her, so he says, from the dozens of dusky Fatoumas—by giving her the name of Illili, a Somali word for flower, but which in Hildegard's case gets generally abbreviated to 'Lill. And Hildegard likes the name.

Hildegard—Fatouma—Illili was born fourteen years ago on the barren Red Sea Coast, in a village of pearl-fishers—a group of palm-leaf huts clustered about her father's house which is a substantial block of stone and plaster built in the Arab style at the water's edge. Hildegard's family represent the only Europeans in a population made up of dark-skinned Dankalis (or Danakils)—a coast-tribe of primitive Moslems into whose hill-villages few white men have ever ventured. Until she was eight years old she saw practically no white people except her parents. Her father is an Englishman; her mother, French. As a little girl, Hildegard bitterly regretted the fact. She would much have preferred being born a Dankali like all her comrades in the village. It seemed to her that brown shading into black must be the normal color for human skin. She was dreadfully ashamed of her own whiteness, though to tell the truth the sun tanned her skin almost as brown as that of her Dankali playmates. Only her hair proved obdurate. It bleached paler and paler under the sun. The happiest hour of her life was one day

when a Dankali mother greased the offending locks with rancid butter, which darkened them considerably, braided them in dozens of tight little pigtails, and plastered over the whole with strong-smelling yellow paste!

For eight happy years, Hildegard's playground was the beach and a stretch of shallow water extending out to a coral reef a hundred yards from the shore. The reef itself forms a wonderful rock-

garden: corals, blue, yellow, and purple, lift their branches above transparent pools where swims a lively population of rainbow-colored fish. Every day Hildegard and her friends went splashing out through the shallows to gather shellfish for primitive clam-bakes on the beach. She learned to avoid the poisonous

For the first eight years, Hildegard's daily existence differed little from that of her Dankali play-fellows. But her ambition to be a Dankali herself met with abrupt disaster. One day her father who had been absent for several months on a cruise in the Indian Ocean, returned home with a guest, an English sea-captain from Calcutta. He

was met by a fair-haired little savage who at the sight of a strange sun-helmet, held her nose with Moslem disgust and took to her heels shrieking epithets—highly untranslatable—in Dankali-Arab.

"It is high time," Hildegard's father decided, "that we send the child away to school!"

His daughter protested; didn't she already go to school? To the only school the village afforded, where she squatted with a dozen little Dankalis in a semicircle while the master, cross-legged on a divan and rod in hand, gave instruction in the Koran. Each scholar held a wooden panel covered with Arab inscriptions which none of them could read, but they learned their verses by heart and recited them in chorus, rocking back and forth on their heels. When this first phase of Hildegard's education was interrupted, she could already recite three books of the Koran without one mistake!

So Hildegard was sent to France to be "civilized". A dreadful ordeal that she shudders to think of even now. No more friendly brown Dankalis; no more uninterrupted playdays on the sunny

beach. A school where she nearly died of cold in spite of the many layers of uncomfortable European clothes. The language represented an additional nightmare. Her classmates jeered at what they rightly termed her "pidjin" French.

But on the whole she proved so very unhappy that the year following her parents decided to send her to an educational institution somewhat nearer home.

(Continued on page 46)

## An Adventure in Scotland

*This old delightful letter of Juliette Low's, part of which is quoted below, shows her unfailing courage and humor*

THE WEST coast of Scotland has many bays and inlets. The tide comes rushing into them through their narrow openings, past salt marshes where wild duck feed, to where steep and beautiful mountains come right down to the water's edge. These inland bays or lochs are wide and long, partly fresh and partly salt, because the little brooks or burns come tumbling down the mountains to meet the salt tides. The lochs reflect the yellow of the bracken and the purple of the heather on the hills. The roads wind along their shores; narrow roads, often climbing steeply or dipping through some wood of gnarled trees to the very edge of the loch.

Juliette Low loved Scotland. She spent many summers there. The last house she took there was a wee white cottage on the green slopes of a mountain on Loch Leven, just opposite to the entrance of the famous Glencoe Pass. Any girl who wants to know about that pass should read about the *Massacre of Glencoe*. The pass was wild and long and sparsely inhabited; but the loch shore had certain houses and estates around it.

Mrs. Low's guests came by motor or bus, and as soon as they arrived, peals of laughter rang through the cottage at all the funny things she said or did. Usually a parrot and one or two small dogs—very spoiled—made up part of the household; so one did not lack entertainment under any circumstances!

The days were full of sport. Mrs. Low and her friends would fish for trout in the loch, or take long walks over the hills, or she would go off in her little car to see her neighbors or to fetch supplies. She did not mind the rough and lonely roads, and always got there eventually, after some sort of an adventure.

Juliette Low always enjoyed everything that happened to her, even though, at the time, it was anything but comfortable or safe. This was the spirit of her personality: joy in experiencing, in accomplishing, in defeating obstacles—and withal, an appreciation of the humor of any occasion.

Very recently this letter of Mrs. Low's was found—all about one of these adventures and illustrated by herself. She wrote it to a friend who was ill, to amuse her on her birthday.

"I drove my cheap Ford motor car from my own small Scotch place, to Clem Robertson's house, and on the way, my motor got overbalanced because my luggage was wrongly placed, and the whole motor went backwards off the road, down a steep hill and just stopped on the edge of a precipice, a forty foot drop into a lake! I was alone and my motor was about one quarter of a mile from my cottage. I did not dare to take my foot off the brake, for fear the motor would go over into the lake. I called and yelled for help, and my small dog heard me and rushed out and barked and rushed back to the servants in the cottage, and made such a fuss, that the servants followed the dog and by holding on to the back wheel they managed to keep the car steady until I climbed out. It was a perfect miracle that I was not killed.

Love to Anne and to you,

Yours

Daisy"

Mrs. Low's own amusing drawing of her car on the edge of the precipice



sea-urchins whose long spines make painful wounds. The calm waters of the lagoon were generally considered safe; yet several times the children found a sting-ray captured in the biggest pool, and once a venturesome shark followed the splashing band to shore—an exciting experience but not really dangerous, Hildegard explains, since sharks never dare touch you so long as you swim vigorously and make a noise!

*This spring you must have a garden—*

# TROOPS, ATTENTION!

## Your own movies with FILMO PROJECTOR



*Filmo 37-A Projector in action at a troop meeting. Powerful illumination, silent movement. In carrying case. \$198. Other models \$205 up.*

It's meeting night . . . business is over . . . and you're going to have a movie—of far off countries, of wild-animal life or of your own troop on that last interesting hike, and then maybe another one of Mary Pickford, or Ronald Colman, or Felix the Cat. Genuine movies, right in your own troop headquarters, and with your own troop projection machine.

How does that sound to you, Girl Scouts?

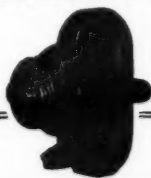
Movies as brilliant and clear, and on a screen as large as those in the regular theaters are yours with a Bell & Howell Filmo Projector, made by the same master craftsmen who have furnished most of the professional studio cameras used by the foremost film producers for more than 23 years.

### CAPTAINS

Take movies of your troop activities with Filmo, the personal movie camera. A new way to stimulate interest both in members and in patrons.

Filmo 70-A, the original personal movie camera. With F3.5 Taylor-Hobson Cooke lens, interchangeable with other lenses of different speed and focal length. Has normal speed and one for fast movies.

Just look through the viewfinder, press the button, and "what you see, you get." Price, \$180 with leather carrying case. Other models from \$120. Write for literature and name of nearest dealer.



Filmo is so simple that the youngest tenderfoot can operate it. It is fool-proof, can't get out of order, operates automatically. Every part is as precisely made as the parts in your wrist watch. And it is so sturdy you don't have to worry about it when you take it to camp.

There are hundreds of movie films available (you can rent them if you prefer) for the fun of the troop on meeting nights or for the movies you stage to fatten up the treasury. But Filmo is best of all for showing to the grown-ups the movies you take of yourselves at camp or on hikes.

Ask your Captain to write for literature and the name of the nearest Filmo dealer.

Bell & Howell Co., Dept. O, 1824 Larchmont Ave., Chicago, Ill. New York, Hollywood, London (B. & H. Co., Ltd.) Established 1907.

# BELL & HOWELL

## Filmo

"What You See, You Get"

Bell & Howell Co., Dept. O, 1824 Larchmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send literature on "Filmo for Scout-ing" and name of nearest dealer.

Captain.....Troop.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....

Read how to plan a lovely one—in April



# Venus

**L**UXURIES don't seem necessary until we have tried them. But they soon become so when we once experience the satisfaction of really fine things.

It is so with Venus Sanitary Napkins. True, they cost a trifle more than the usual kind but there is an added "something" that comes of finest quality which amply repays one—added comfort—a sense of well-being—and the satisfaction that every item of one's ensemble is luxuriously feminine and in keeping.

Venus are made of clean soft cotton in a finely knitted, seamless covering (not harsh gauze).

The smartest department stores and shops in each city sell them.

## VENUS CORPORATION

1170 Broadway

New York, N. Y.

424 So. Broadway  
Los Angeles, Calif.



## CLASS PINS 35¢

FREE CATALOG SHOWING 200 DESIGNS

EITHER DESIGN SHOWN. SILVER PLATE 35¢ EA.: 12 OR MORE. \$3.50 DOZ.; STERLING SILVER OR GOLD PLATE. 50¢ EA.: 12 OR MORE. \$5.00 DOZ.: 1 OR 2 COLORS ENAMEL, ANY 3 LETTERS AND DATE.

BASTIAN BROS. CO.

916 BASTIAN BLDG.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.



## The Big Subscription Contest

You are all waiting patiently for the results of the Big Subscription Contest. The lucky winners will be announced in the magazine next month. If you have worked diligently on the contest, you may be one of the winners. Watch next month's issue for the names of those people who *earned*, not *won*, the three prizes awarded in the recent AMERICAN GIRL Subscription Contest!

## "Captain" Hildegard

(Continued from page 44)

Today in Paris, where she spends her winters studying in a lycée of the capital, Hildegard is a tall, blond girl who struggles with Latin and modern European tongues. "I never will learn languages," she sighs in despair. Incidentally she still speaks Arab, and Dankali, and Galla, and "Oh, just enough Somali to get along."

Since many of her Dankali friends are married and have babies and responsibilities, Hildegard has become a companion to her father for her summer visits.

"You are getting dreadfully old, Fatouma," the brown-skinned women assure her. "You will never find a husband unless you hurry."

Hildegard laughs at their fears. She has discarded the Arab dress she used to wear—a long robe, a full skirt, and a fringed silk shawl—for knickers and a sleeveless shirt, for boat wear.

She goes on long cruises with her father in his pearl-fishing *boutres*. Sometimes it takes a month to sail to Suez, but that is when the weather is exceptionally bad. She spends days with the divers on the oyster banks. At times she paddles the *hourri* (a shallow dug-out) or she holds the glass-bottomed *mouraille* through which one can distinguish a pearl-bearing *assadarf* fifty feet under water. When she locates an oyster, the diver plunges overboard and a second Somali in the boat stands watch with a long bamboo pole to ward off sharks.

Hildegard has learned the dangers of coast navigation; the treacherous currents of the monsoon; the coral reefs that show their sharp teeth when you least expect them; and pirate-infested shores where you land with precaution walking single file—each man in the steps of the leader, and the last one effacing the tracks.

And now she has chosen her profession. It came about one August night as they cruised along the Arab coast, too dangerous at that point to risk a landing.

"Take the wheel, 'Lill," her father commanded, "and keep the bow straight towards the Moka light." Hildegard had never steered at night before. Beside her at the wheel, her father pointed out the constellations and showed her how to shape her course according to the position of the stars. All night long she steered. When the dawn wind came whipping across the sea, she relinquished the wheel and sat cross-legged on the deck.

"Father," she announced soberly, "I've decided. I am going to be a sea captain."

The tall Englishman nodded.

"Very well, my girl," he agreed. "Study navigation; pass your examinations and I will see that you have a boat!"

On the spot, Captain Hildegard chose her crew—all Somalis. They, she insists, are the best sailors in the world.

"I may have to study in England, or Germany, or Scandinavia," Hildegard explains, "for in France they won't let a woman be a *capitaine au long cours*. But," she adds hopefully, "things are going so rapidly for women everywhere that when I am ready, in seven years, who knows? Perhaps I can pass my *brevet* after all in France?"

*Does money just always fall through a hole in your pocket?—*



## Sister to Gjelosh

(Continued from page 20)

face to face on the narrow village road.

They gave each other greetings, but stopped short of asking after those in each family. Lul saw that he was haggard-eyed and sad. Then suddenly, as she was about to pass him on the narrow path, he touched her arm, saying in a low voice, "A word with you, Zef's daughter. Come this way."

Fearful of she knew not what, Lul followed him into the bushes off the beaten path, where he spoke. "Zef's daughter, there is a saying among us; women have long hair but short wits. I do not hold with that. So listen, and bury what I shall tell you in your heart. I would not be a traitor to my house. I am your father's friend, but—"

He paused and then went on. "My brothers seek a man by mountain law. You know his name. They know not where he hides. But you will know—if you set forth tonight when darkness hides going, and take your way towards the western pass—reaching the place that men call Treasure Rock. There he will be, half-starved, and worse, his cartridge belt is as empty as his belly. A man has a right to battle for his life and not be killed defenceless like a sheep."

The man went on. "His enemies will find him out tomorrow. Being a woman you can travel safely—unnoticed even. This night find your way there—with food—and cartridges. Tell him to flee north. There is no time to lose. Let him cross the north border—he will be safe. And while men seek in vain, time will go by and blood-gold can be paid to halt this feud—if I can win my brothers to my side."

His great chest heaved in a grief-struck sigh. He said no more, and Lul, far too astounded at his words to make a sound, stood and watched him push his way back to the trail and vanish.

News of Gjelosh at last—and from a strange source indeed! Zina had called Ndreka a faithful friend. Aye! "There goes a man," she told herself, "who sets friendship above vengeance and the law." Then her mind leaped to Gjelosh. "He is safe yet! My brother! He is safe!" Gladness filled her, and then darkened to apprehension. "Hungry, he is—defenceless, hunted by desperate men. No time to lose!" Her feet flew toward home.

But even as she entered and saw Zef and Zina sitting by the hearth, she heard again Ndreka's words, "Bury what I shall tell you in your heart." Would she dare tell them? Telling would be betrayal of Ndreka, who chose to serve them against his house's honor. And Zef—Zef might risk his own life going to Gjelosh, or—worse—if he still felt anger against the boy, he might keep her from going. She knew that she must do this secret

thing alone. "Alone—for I am sister to Gjelosh, and this work is my work."

Smiling, she sat herself down near them and knitted to keep herself from thought, but thought ran madly on and on. "God help Gjelosh! God keep him safe!"

At last Zef and Zina lay down near the warm hearth, and Lul, making pretense of sleep, lay in her corner listening. Would they sleep soundly? Oh, God, let them sleep soundly! At last, they slept.

Softly, Lul raised herself, and even more softly stole to where a great wheel of cornbread lay waiting for breakfast time. She broke and tied it up in a strong cloth, then tiptoed stealthily past the two sleepers and found the barrel of goat's cheese. Reaching into its wet depths she pulled out two round white cheeses. Big enough? Yes, big enough. Bread and cheese. Water he'd have from any mountain stream. Now, cartridges. Zef's cartridge belt hung by his rifle on the wall. She lifted it from the peg. Suddenly Zef murmured in his sleep. She started, nearly dropped the heavy belt.

"Even though he sleeps, he knows that someone tampers with his safety," ran the thought. She waited till she heard him breathe heavily again. Then with trembling hands she wrapped the stiff belt about herself, binding her own belt

over as best she could. Nothing must stop her now! She tucked a corner of her headcloth in. Had not Ndreka said Gjelosh must reach the border before dawn?

Her heart beat fast. The trembling of her hands frightened her as she reached to move the huge bar that held the door. What if the bar should creak? Her breath stopped, but she pulled at the heavy door and slipped out quickly. Outside shone the round moon. Thank heaven for the moon! But was the moon a friend or a betrayer?

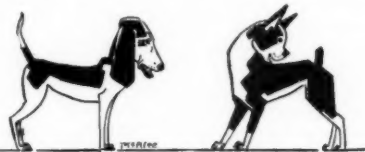
Lul started at a trot. No time to lose. The western pass was far. If men watched, she would not risk the trail on getting nearer, but would clamber up by the steep untraveled side.

As her feet followed the rocky trail through the night, her thoughts sped far ahead to Gjelosh. What delight to see him once again! To tell him a farewell—forever maybe. No joy in that. Tears started. No, she had not time for tears. He needed what she carried for his life. His life! Yes—that was what she carried in her hand and heavy round her waist, his life—his life. Her feet went faster.

At last she came to where the trail branched toward the western pass. She turned toward the hill's steep slope.

What was that sound? Voices! Lul's heart stopped and she stood stock still. Somewhere nearer the trail's way men

(Continued on page 48)



"I had my tail bobbed. Don't you think it improves my carriage?"

"Yeab—but it certainly interferes with your waggin'!"

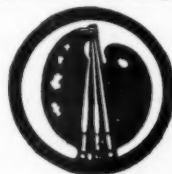
## You help mother This Helps You

ON ANY job—if it's a soap-and-water job—Fels-Naptha gives you *extra* help. The *extra* help of two active cleaners instead of one. Good golden soap and plenty of naptha working together to loosen even stubborn dirt and wash it away. Tell mother Fels-Naptha's *extra* help makes clothes fresh and white without hard rubbing. Her grocer sells Fels-Naptha.

## FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE  
CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

KNOW EARN WEAR  
Girl Scout Merit Badges



ARTIST  
Symbol—Palctte

## Show Your Badge!

Girl Scout Badges add immeasurably to the beauty and distinction of your uniform. Wear them! Let your friends be proud of the honors you have won.

Girl Scout Badges are beautifully designed—and beautifully made by the largest makers of embroidered emblems in the world.

Manufactured by

Lion Brothers Co., Inc.  
Baltimore, Maryland

Sold only through Girl Scout National  
Equipment Headquarters, New York

## Warburton House

Philadelphia's Newest Hotel  
EXCLUSIVELY FOR WOMEN

Within walking distance of theatres and  
shopping district

Ideal stopping place when enroute to sea-  
shore resorts, New York or Washington

Single rooms 2.00 to 4.00 a day  
Double rooms 4.00 to 5.00 a day  
Weekly rates

20th and Sansom Streets  
PHILADELPHIA

## PLAYS

For Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls,  
For the Home or School Room,  
Dialogs, Speakers, Monologs,  
Juvenile Plays and Songs, Black-  
face Plays, Recitations, Drills,  
How to Stage a Play, Make-up, Catalogue FREE.  
T. S. DENISON & CO. 623 SO. Wabash, Dept. 67, CHICAGO

Read "I Am a Girl Who—can't spend wisely"—in April



For Health—  
For Energy—  
For Pep—Eat  
**PURE SWEETS!**

**Y**OU Girl Scouts all know that what you eat today has an influence in your development toward healthful, glorious womanhood. Then why not make purity and quality your standards in foods just as you do loyalty and patriotism in your Girl Scout life?

It's easy when you come to sweets! TEMTOR Preserves are now known the country over as the "guaranteed preserves". They are guaranteed for purity and quality—and a guarantee label is on every jar!

TEMTORS are the purest form of sweets known. The choicest selected fruits and berries and pure sugar. Made just right, they are the acme of goodness. They give you energy—vitality—pep!

**BUY THIS ASSORTMENT**  
By the Case (1 doz. jars)  
2 Peach                      2 Raspberry  
2 Strawberry                2 Damson Plum  
2 Pineapple                 2 Blackberry  
(Large 28 oz. Jars)  
This assortment in case, \$6.00

TEMTORS make delicious sandwiches—and you can use them in many dainty, tempting combinations for quickly and easily made desserts.

*Handsome recipe book sent free*

Address: Preserves & Honey, Inc.  
Dept. AG, 646 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

[There's an Authorized  
TEMTOR Dealer Near you]



## Sister to Gjelosh

(Continued from page 47)

spoke. Were they the brothers of Ndrek who climbed as she did now to find Gjelosh—only to take from him the life she strove to save? The sounds came nearer. Lul crouched down. Steps faltered and came near. A man spoke not a stone's throw from her. "I hear a sound here. He is trying to escape this way."

Lul's leaping heart strangled her. Against the dark, two shadowy figures showed—showed and passed by so close that one man trod on a dead branch Lul's body pressed against. "Oh, Heaven! Spare me now, and spare Gjelosh!" The steps died down the hill.

Like a wild deer Lul sprang to her feet and climbed with desperate speed.

At last the pass. She found the Treasure Rock. She neared the place, and called softly, "Brother, my brother." Not a sound was heard save her own whisper on the cold night air. Again—and yet, again. "Brother, I am Lul, your sister, come to bring you life." Had he been taken? An agony wrrenched her.

And then—his whispered answer! He was there! A sob of relief rose in Lul's aching throat and she made out the shadow of his form, felt his two hands on her shoulders and his cold cheek rubbing her own with love. She could not speak, only inside her heart the words she had said sang themselves over in a chant of joy. "Brother, I am your sister, come to bring you life!"

They sat down under two rocks that formed a sort of cave, and in the dark, their hands touching, but each face hid from the other's eyes, Lul told her tale. "And here is food, and here is Father's belt. Give me your own for him. He will forgive. I dared not let him know."

"I know what he is feeling," whispered Gjelosh, "but my shot was not meant for Ndrek's Marash. I fired at a man who aimed at me after the first shot rang. Marash, unknowing, stepped in front of him. My heart is bruised with sorrow as great as Ndrek's and Zef's. But I am helpless now, helpless and hunted—and but for you, my sister, dead tomorrow. They wait for dawn to track me."

"Now, but now, Gjelosh," Lul whispered back, "now you will be safe?"

"Now I can defend myself at least, and food—" He broke off a great piece of bread and ate while he went on, "food will give my feet wings. You are a good sister to me, Lul, and I am more glad to have your farewell words of kindness than those of any other soul on earth."

In the dark, Lul's tears found their way down her cheeks unseen. She did not speak—she could not trust herself. But with one hand she clutched tightly the braided edge of Gjelosh's jacket.

Gjelosh had finished eating. He took off his empty cartridge belt and handed it to Lul. He strapped about him Zef's full heavy one. As he tied the remaining food to his girdle he turned to Lul.

"And now, my flower, for that is your name—I must be gone, or dawn will surprise me here. Before this moon mounts the night sky again, I must be far away in a strange land. There I shall live, unknown, until I hear that Ndrek's feud with Zef has been ended. You send me word of that—I'll understand. And you—you, Lul, give me goodbye and make your prayers for me at night as our hearth burns low. Our hearth—" he stopped. "I love that place so, Lul." His voice dropped lower, "Though I live far off, my spirit will go back and sit with you before the fire we've often played beside. I love you, sister."

"And I love, Gjelosh." Lul's voice broke. "I shall not ever sleep till you are safe. Send word of that—" she begged.

"I'll send you word," he fumbled in his belt. "Here is a medal of the Holy Virgin. The metal's soft." He broke the flimsy little plaque in half.

"Oh, Gjelosh—"

"Do not mind. The Virgin will not grudge me this for you. Here, take this half. The other half is mine. When I am safe, my half shall go to you. And if you never see it—I have paid a debt."

"Gjelosh, my brother," Lul could not hide her tears; a sob betrayed her. Holding her to him, Gjelosh wiped them off. "Goodbye, little flower."

And then he was gone from her. At home time dragged. When would she hear from Gjelosh? Did he live? She hardly dared think. The long, long days crept by. Still no word came.

Then one dark night an old withered woman stood outside the door. Zef made her welcome, greeted. Then the crone asked, "Is this Zef Deda's house?"

Her rheumy eyes peered up and met Lul's own. She held out a wrinkled hand, palm up. On it there lay half of a holy medal. "A young man gave me this. Whose is it, girl?" she quavered.

Lul drew her own half medal from her blouse and fitted the two together. "See, grandmother," she said tremblingly. "It is for me. I am his sister." Her voice broke in a sob—a sob of boundless joy.



With April Fool's Day coming, Jo Ann has a pretty problem on her hands—

## Cheese around the World

(Continued from page 29)  
broiled tomatoes or bananas. Serve these either as an *entrée* or as a main course.

### Cheese Puffs

Cheese puffs are something of the nature of a meringue and something like a croquette. Beat up the white of an egg until very stiff. Add one-half cup of grated cheese, a dash of cayenne and one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Make this mixture into small balls. Roll in cracker crumbs. Fry like croquettes in deep fat. Served with salad or with soup, they make a very interesting and most appetizing dish.

### Omelet

Beat up the whites of three eggs, then beat the yolks. Add a tablespoon of grated cheese, chopped parsley and a dash of cayenne pepper. Fold the yolks into the white. Put a little butter into a frying pan and set over a low flame. Turn in the omelet. When it begins to set, lift it from the edges of the pan so that the uncooked part runs to the sides and bottom. When the whole is cooked, fold and slide onto a hot platter. You may improve on this by serving with tomato sauce.

The Germans have a dish known as *Kartoffeln mit Käse* (potatoes and cheese) which you may like to try. It is a sort of variation of a potato scallop.

### Kartoffeln mit Käse

2 eggs cold boiled potatoes  
½ cup milk salt and pepper  
¼ cup grated cheese

Beat the eggs and add the milk as you would in a custard. Put a layer of cold potato slices in a fireproof baking dish. Sprinkle with pepper and salt. Add a little of the custard and sprinkle with cheese. Continue until all the potato and custard are used. Sprinkle the top with cheese and bake in a moderate oven for one half hour. I add a little butter to mine; it makes it richer. The Italians use cooked celery in much the same way except they omit the custard mixture.

### Cheese Custard

3 eggs 1 tablespoon  
1½ cups milk pimento  
1 cup bread ¾ teaspoon salt  
crumbs 1 cup grated cheese

Mix as for custard. Pour into buttered custard cups or ramekins. Set in a pan of hot water and cook in a slow oven for forty minutes. Unmold and serve with tomato sauce and macaroni.

The Russians use a great deal of sour cream and sour milk, but do not always bother to change it into cheese. Hence

they do not have many cheeses. They do, however, use it in desserts, and here is a recipe adapted from the Russians.

### Cream Cheese Pudding

2 cakes cream cheese ¼ cup sugar  
3 egg yolks 3 egg whites  
2 tablespoons butter 1 tablespoon fine  
¼ cup raisins and bread crumbs  
chopped orange 1 tablespoon  
peel sour cream  
¼ tablespoon flour

With a large wooden spoon or fork, mash the cream cheese until it is very fine and beat into it the three egg yolks and the sugar. Add the butter and flour and when this is thoroughly mixed, fold in the raisins and sour cream and the stiffly beaten egg whites. Rinse out a mold with cold water, but do not wipe it dry. Put the bread crumbs in this and shake them about until the sides are coated. Pack in the mixture. Set in a pan of hot water and cook like a custard until the blade of a knife put in the center comes out fairly clear. Unmold and serve with foamy or custard sauce.

Russians also use cheese with cereal dishes. For instance, they put alternately layers of cooked cereal enriched with butter and grated cheese in a baking dish finishing with a layer of cheese. This they cook in the oven until brown. They call this dish *Kasha*. They use cheese in their pastries, too, sometimes making a little tart, with a cheese filling, sometimes just making a well-seasoned mixture of grated cheese and egg white and piling it on pastry and browning it in the oven.

As I have already told you, the Italian uses cheese in almost every dish. I am giving a canapé and an omelet adapted from Italian recipes.

### Canapé

4 eggs pinch chopped  
1 teaspoonful butter parsley  
salt 1 mushroom cap  
dash cayenne sautéed in butter  
dash nutmeg 2 tablespoons  
1 tablespoon grated white sauce  
cheese 1 egg yolk  
1 cup white sauce (if desired)

Cook four eggs. Cut in half lengthwise. Take out the yolk and mix with a teaspoon of butter, a little salt, a dash of cayenne pepper and of nutmeg, a tablespoon of grated cheese, a little chopped parsley and a cooked mushroom cap or two, also finely chopped. Add two tablespoons of white sauce mixed with the yolk of an egg and put all in a sauce pan with a tablespoon of butter. Cook until quite thick. Fill the egg white and reheat over hot water. Serve on slices of toast with or without a sauce.

## A New Food Discovery . . . Royal Quick Setting Gelatin Dessert

TODAY's food news is about a wonderful new quick setting gelatin . . . that jells in half the usual time.

It's an entirely new formula—and it's called *Royal Quick Setting Gelatin Dessert*.

See below how fast it works. Twenty minutes to an hour and a half . . . while, ordinarily, prepared gelatins take a number of hours, and even then sometimes fail to jell.

Ready in  
20 Minutes



Mix as directed on package. Chill in freezing tray of electric refrigerator.

Ready in  
45 Minutes

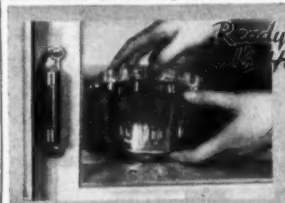


Prepare as directed on package. Pour in mould. Set mould in pan of cracked ice.



Ready in  
One Hour

Dissolve in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup cold water. Pour in mould, cover, set outside window on cold day (below 40°).



Ready in  
Four Hours

Prepare as directed on package. Set mould on bottom of electric refrigerator. (Ordinary ice box takes about 2 hours or less.)

All gelatin desserts are not alike. The only quick setting kind is *Royal Quick Setting Gelatin Dessert*. Five delicious flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon.



For Tommy Bassick isn't exactly gullible—so read what happens—in April



# Your Own Book Club Gives You

**Membership Free  
A Beautiful Pin  
A Magazine  
A Dozen Valuable  
Features and  
Surprises!**

YOU have never had such fun. You have never had such books! Only three of the many are shown here. Every month there is a new one. Beautifully illustrated, bound in harmoniously colored cloth covers, chosen especially for you from among thousands, by Carl Van Doren, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Helen Ferris, Angelo Patri and other famous men and women who know what you like best to read.



Adventure stories, ancient legends, love stories and books of fascinating facts and biography. Each one is different, each one pleases you more than the last.

Send at once for complete information so you can talk it over with your parents. We will help you to join by writing them about the thousands of other young people who already belong, about the importance of this great movement and about the very real cash saving to them.

## Helen Ferris Says:



There is nothing more thrilling than really to own your own books. Better yet, you can earn your Girl Scout Scribe's badge with these Junior Guild books.

## The Booklet is FREE!

Send at once for full particulars. See how easy it is to start this fine library of your own. Read what other girls and their parents say about the Junior Guild. All postage is prepaid. There are no dues or extra expenses. One small annual fee brings you all of these fine things—at a big cash saving.

The Junior Literary Guild  
55 Fifth Ave., Dept. 43A.G.,  
New York, N. Y.



THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD  
55 Fifth Ave., Dept. 43A.G., New York, N. Y.

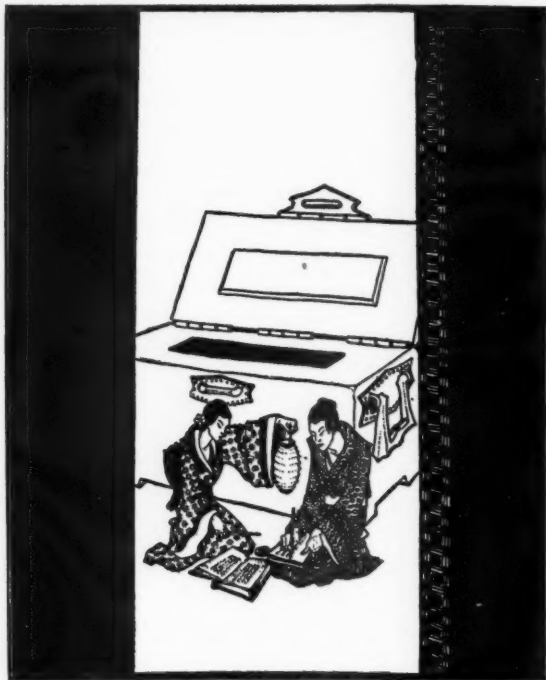
Send me the illustrated booklet that explains the Junior Literary Guild without obligating me in any way.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Parent's Name.....



WITH DEFT HAND, YOSHITSUNE MADE A COPY OF THE GREAT BOOK  
From "Prince Bantam," The Macmillan Company

## Books with a Foreign Flavor

By ELINOR WHITNEY

WE CAN'T all take a ship or a train or an airplane and travel whenever we wish, to the far corners of the earth. But just because we must stay at home, we needn't be ignorant of other countries and other people. There are geographies—which are fascinating books once you get to know them—and stories and travel books.

Mr. V. M. Hillyer in his *Child's Book of Geography* (Century) is making the attempt to present geography in a different way from what it is usually presented in a school book. He found the geography text books too full of figures and dry unimaginative facts. Consequently this book of his treats the subject in a very different manner. When you open it you see no half-tones of mountain ranges or lakes or buildings, no colored maps, but fanciful pictures, perhaps a clock, a spool of thread, a boot, a shoe, a needle and pin running along in a line holding hands. This is to illustrate what the factories of New England turn out. Or again you may see a curious picture of a little old lady with a humpback. This is a map of a part of Europe; the head of the lady is Spain and Gibraltar is the queer nose. This is an interesting book full of originality and entertaining ideas.

In his book, *New Worlds to Conquer* (Bobbs, Merrill), Richard Halliburton pays tribute to his school geography, his "begrimed, passionately loved geography book" that he studied in school at the age of ten. "What a glorious book! What maps! What pictures! It was the magic carpet of my boyhood on which I floated away from the boredom of my school

desk to the far-off fairylands." Those who have read his earlier books *The Royal Road to Romance* and *The Glorious Adventure* will know that his love of adventure and romance has taken him far and through many experiences.

Mr. Hillyer says that the best way to learn geography is to travel, and Mr. Halliburton has, in his experience, touched the best that geography and history have to give. In this new book of a traveler's feats we read of how he followed the trail of the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, Cortez, how he visited Yucatan, the heart of the ancient Mayan civilization, and defied superstition and mystery in his reckless plunges into the Well of Death where five hundred or more years ago human sacrifices were made to the Rain God. In the province of Darien he climbed the peak from which Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean. He swam the entire length of the Panama Canal and the great locks were operated to lift and lower the "S. S. Richard Halliburton" as he called himself. He visited the ancient Aztec ruins in South America, and everywhere his courage and good fortune held.

*Forgotten Gods* by Theodore Acland (Harper) is a story of the present day, but relates to the ancient Mayan Indian civilization in Yucatan. Two young men set off from New York to join an uncle and cousin of one of them who are working on Mayan relics. The story is one of adventure and the strange mysteries that come with the vast jungle and the superstitions of a vanished race.

*If you're too tall in March, be just right in April—*

*The Magic Doll of Roumania* (Stokes) by Queen Marie of Roumania, is dedicated to American children. It is a book which takes us to the heart of a foreign country. In it Queen Marie, a delightful Queen who loves fairy tales and lives in a castle by the sea, "magicks" an American child across the ocean with a Roumanian doll to visit her own country.

This is one way of bringing two countries into closer sympathy and understanding, and another is found in such a story as Helen Coale Crew's *Under Two Eagles* (Little, Brown). Here is a fine vigorous story of a Polish boy, first at home in Poland, who a little later comes to New York to seek wider opportunities of education and work. There isn't a dull moment in this story.

*The Book of Courage* by Herman Hagedorn (Winston) is a book of heroes and heroines of many different countries and of the present as well as the past. "Here are heroes, thirty of them; men and women who fought with hearts and minds and bodies, flinging into the struggle all they had of physical energy and spiritual ardor and endurance." Among them are stories of Hannibal, Martin Luther, Garibaldi, Father Damien, Robert E. Peary, Edith Cavell, Lawrence of Arabia, and Mahatma Gandhi. How many of the thirty do you suppose you know even a few facts about?

In *Falcons of France, a Tale of Youth and the Air* by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Houghton) we have the story of two young Americans who go to France at the outbreak of the war to join the Lafayette Flying Corps. We follow them through their training until they go to the front and enter into engagement with the enemy in a way which allowed of individual skill and daring. On this account the story has less horror and grimness than other war stories, although some very poignant accounts of the evils of war are found here.

One of the most touching characters in the story is that of Slater, a young American ace who had brought down more German planes and had received more decorations than any other pilot in the corps. In spite of his remarkable achievements he seems to be living in a dream in which he is doing what is expected of him without being able to get any satisfaction from his exploits. The war had changed him from a human being into a perfectly operating piece of machinery. The book is splendidly written and the adventures in the air are vivid and thrilling.

This book of aviation and the war leads us to another book on the history of aviation. *Sky High* by Eric Hodgins and F. Alexander Magoun (Little, Brown). It begins with accounts of early attempts at flying, often absurd in their conceptions and results, and works up slowly with much interesting detail to the present state of the airplane.

Phineas Fogg, the hero of Jules Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days* has been beaten by a Boy Scout and "Graf Zeppelin" (flying time 9 days, 20 hours, 23 minutes). Perhaps aviation will aid Mr. Halliburton in finding still newer worlds to conquer!

## now

you may own the most popular books by  
your favorite authors for

**\$1** each

### ETHEL COOK ELIOT

STOREY MANOR. What happened when Anna Mary went calling and disappeared.



WAUL & DYKE, Inc. The bracelet was a twisted band of emeralds and diamonds and its disappearance upset the house party.

### CAROLINE DALE SNEDEKER

THE PERILOUS SEAT. Thera, who rebelled against traditions in ancient Greece.



### EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN

MISTRESS MADCAP. Merry Mehitable earned her nickname in action during the Revolution.

### ELIZABETH JANET GRAY

MEREDITHS' ANN. Springtime adventure and mystery in the New Hampshire woods.

### SONIA LUSTIG

ROSES OF THE WINDS. Moving from St. Petersburg to Tiflis with a Russian family fifty years ago



### FORRESTINE C. HOOKER

PRINCE JAN—ST. BERNARD. How he proved his courage far from his Alpine home.



### CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

TUCKAWAY HOUSE. Seven lively girls in one small house.

### MARY DICKERSON DONAHEY

MARTY LU. Four Clover orphans with Marty Lu as manager.

### MARION AMES TAGGART

THE LITTLE GREY HOUSE. Gay days and sad ones there with Oswyth, Roberta and Prudence.



### REED FULTON

THE POWDER DOCK MYSTERY. Who was the mysterious man with the fish mask?



### LORETTA ELLEN BRADY

LOYAL MARY GARLAND. Loyal was her name—and also a description.

*These are books that sold formerly for \$1.75 and \$2.00. They were chosen from the entire Junior Book list because of their wide popularity with girls everywhere. Now for the first time they are offered in this handsome new WINDMILL Edition at \$1 each. They are great books to read—beautiful books to own.*

If you cannot get WINDMILL BOOKS at your bookstore, check this list and mail it with the attached coupon:



Junior Books, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y.  
Please send me the WINDMILL BOOKS checked above: (at \$1 each plus 10c postage). I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ Send C. O. D.  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

*Hazel Rawson Cades gives you valuable hints about dress*

## Does Your Foreign Friend Read "The American Girl"?



THESE TWO PARISIAN GIRLS ENJOY "THE AMERICAN GIRL" AS MUCH AS YOU DO

**B**EATRICE DUBOIS and Barbara Jones, two Parisian girls, like *THE AMERICAN GIRL*! They are as fond of the magazine as you are. So their letters say! And so their faces say! Wouldn't you love to see your friend abroad, your Post Box correspondent, have *THE AMERICAN GIRL* as her own magazine? What fun it would be if you could discuss with each other in your letters the things you like best in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*!

Think how delighted your correspondent would be if she could read the stories you read, if she could make the things you make, if she could see the pictures you see each month! You know, she is interested. She's always asking you in her letters to tell her *all about everything* you do! And of course you do try to tell her everything in your letters. But that's a human impossibility, no matter how long you make them.

### "The American Girl" Is The Way!

*THE AMERICAN GIRL* will keep her in touch with things over here—things you couldn't possibly cover in a hundred letters. Why not give her a subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—today! It's a fine International idea. Perhaps she will send you a copy of her own paper! Just as you would love to keep in touch with her through her magazine, your foreign friend is eager to keep in touch with you through yours. She wants to week-end with you at least once a month and join you in all your sports—both indoor and out—through the magazine. Send her a subscription today. Here is a handy coupon for you to fill out immediately.

THE AMERICAN GIRL  
670 Lexington Avenue,  
New York, N. Y.

Will you please send *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to my foreign friend for one year ☐ for two years ☐ (check which).

Her name is .....

Street and number .....

City .....

Country .....

My name is .....

Street and number .....

City .....

State .....

Subscription prices are \$1.50 for one year plus 50c extra for postage and \$2.00 for two years plus \$1.00 extra for postage. Canadian postage is 25c extra for each year.

## Our International Mail Bag

(Continued from page 37)

and we all love her. Our rector of the school is an old, white-haired man, and we dare not speak a word when he comes. I go in the last class. My sister goes in the first. My two brothers go in other schools.

"I have two best friends. Their names are Laila Karlsen and Biffen Klauman. Biffen's real name is Annie-Sylvia. Biffen is a beauty. The two go to the clergyman to be confirmed. We go in a ballet school too. Laila doesn't go there. She is in her mother's shop. What is your father? My father is a judge. Biffen's too. Laila's is a smith. He looks like a young boy.

"Now the weather is lovely. We are skating all day when we have finished the school. Do you like books? I like books very much. I like them most about colleges. I like films, too. I wish to be a dancer when I grow older. I love dancing, don't you? What do you wish to be? When I was small, I said I would be a general.

"Please, will you tell me all about yourself in your letter? You will write to me, won't you? I wish you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

A loving friend,

Gurn"

### What Is a "Padvindster"?

*Why, a Dutch Girl Guide, of course*

Miss E. J. Riepas, of Bilthoven, Netherlands, writes:

"We Dutch Girl Guides are called *Padvindsters*, and there are a lot of us—ever so many more than there used to be. The Dutch girls, though, are said to be not so smart as the English Guides! We don't often have parades and very seldom practice drills.

"We try, however, to live up to our laws, and we do a lot of singing, folk dancing, knotting and signaling at our company meetings. We love to have outings on Saturday afternoons when we go to the woods or to the dunes. These, you know, are near almost all the towns of the Netherlands, and there we practice walking and tracking and cooking easy but delicious meals on a wood fire.

"We love camping. Nearly all of our companies have their own summer camps, where as a rule we sleep under canvas, do our own cooking and manage beautifully to be cozy and happy when living in close touch with nature, far from the towns and civilization."

### It's Exciting in Persia Camel Caravans of Teheran

How would you like to have to wait for a caravan of camels in order to cross the street on your way to school? Judith Du Bois, of Teheran, Persia, does. Here's her letter.

"I'm living in Teheran now. It is quite a nice city, and it's very interesting. All the women wear black shawls over their heads and faces; they are called *chedars*.

"We go to an American school here. I like it quite well. Lots of Persian Girl Scouts go to school there. Their leader is an American, and I think I will join them. They are just working on the second class test now, and that is what I want to do. I have a Persian Girl Scout pin. It has Girl Scout on it and some Persian writing that I can't read. Persian writing is very difficult. I don't believe I will ever learn it. The language is also very difficult.

"I like Persia very much. Teheran is surrounded by snow-capped mountains. Demavand is the highest. It is five thousand, seven hundred and eleven meters. It takes six hours to get there. Part of the way one has to ride on mules.

"Almost every day on our way to school my sister and I see a long caravan of camels. One man rides on the front one, and one on the last. They always sing songs just like chants. Just the other day my brother rode a camel. He was very much excited. Of course, it wasn't a circus camel, but a real live camel on its way to Palevii, a Persian port on the Caspian Sea.

"On our way to Teheran we came through Berlin, Moscow, Baku, Palewe and Caswin. We had a very interesting trip. We were in Baku at the time of the celebration of the Russian revolution. There were lots of parades. There was a parade of Cossacks, and they danced



HERE IS THE VIVID FRENCH GROUP IN THE HOUSTON, TEXAS, INTERNATIONAL CELEBRATION

*Everybody's vegetable-wise nowadays—*



and sang merrily all through the streets.

"At the stations between Moscow and Baku there were Cossacks with high woolen hats, long leather coats embroidered and trimmed with fur, riding breeches, Cossack boots and two or three long daggers and pistols stuck in their belts. They looked very wild and fierce.

"During our trip, there were two guards on the train all the time, to keep wild boys and bandits off. All of our windows were sealed tight. Russia was very interesting and exciting all the time we were there.

"It doesn't seem much like New Years here. No bells ringing or anything."

### Camping in Japan

*Where spiders look like moss*

Every timid Girl Scout is advised not to read this letter sent to us by Miss A. Kathleen Woolley, of Tokyo, because she tells, of all things, of a new kind of spider. Our own biological knowledge of Japan has always been somewhat circumscribed—and we never think of anything but caterpillars and silkworms and cocoons. But here is Miss Woolley, who says:

"One afternoon a wonderful spider was discovered, and taken back to Tokyo where it caused much excitement, being only the third of its kind to be found in the Far East. It was black and pale green, exactly the color of the moss on the tree trunk on which it was caught—being, in fact, mistaken for moss itself."

### Wild Cat Intruders

*The troubles of Bangalore camping*

How would you like to be going camping with Girl Guides of Bangalore, India, to the Mountain Devaraya-Droga. They go in two wheeled carts drawn by bullocks, and they wear the graceful *sari* and seem not to mind carrying on their camp activities in their flowing clothes.

On the way up the mountain, there is a hill about forty miles from Bangalore. Girls spend their time studying nature, watching to see how the water birds build their bottle-shaped nests, and the brilliant kingfishers diving after their meals.

There are three different sets of fortifications around the hill. At the bungalow where the girls stayed, a *cheta*, a kind of Indian wild cat, came and sat on the parapet near them, but was frightened away by the shouts of the girls.

Cooking and eating out-of-doors is great fun for these girls. The Robin Patrol used for plates the large leaves of the *Butea Frondosa*, familiarly called Flame of the Forest, which has large vermilion petals that shimmer in the sunlight.

In next year's International Number of "The American Girl" we hope to publish many letters and pictures showing how American Girl Scouts celebrate International Month. So won't you all please send us accounts of your international celebrations, with photographs? You will see on the opposite page an interesting illustration of the kind of pictures we want. We need your help.



**TODAY**  
*Jean is the best*  
**all-round athlete in her troop!**

Jean's troop points to her with pride. And no wonder! She's on almost every team—full of pep and zip—ready, and able, to play hard and win.

Yet once Jean suffered from colds every Fall and Winter. They sapped her vitality—left her run-down and unable to compete with other girls. Then her captain took her in hand. Jean learned the simple, easy way to help avoid colds—Lifebuoy, the health soap that removes not only dirt, but germs as well. Many times a day now—and always before meals Jean washes her hands with Lifebuoy.

You, too, can help safeguard your health with Lifebuoy against the 27 germ diseases hands may pick up. The Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart (see coupon below) will tell you how, and aid you to make a systematic game of it—a game that will help you win other games.

### Marvelous for complexion

When you wash your face with

Lifebuoy, note how it leaves your complexion glowing with ruddy health. Its gentle antiseptic lather cleanses and purifies skin—prevents body odor. You'll love its pleasant, clean scent that vanishes as you rinse. We'll be glad to send you *free* a trial cake of Lifebuoy and Wash-up Chart. Just mail coupon below.

ACTUAL  
SIZE  
8 x 10 1/2"

*free*



Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 333  
Cambridge, Mass.

Please send me a Lifebuoy "Wash-up" Chart and trial cake of Lifebuoy—both free!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**LIFEBUOY**

FOR FACE



HANDS · BATH ·

PROTECTS HEALTH

STOPS BODY ODOR

In April, learn how to cook them



## Money! Prizes!

FOR

## Schoolgirls

FERN SHOEMAKER is a fun-loving outdoor girl. She also belongs to the Art Club in her school. But she says "The Girls' Club is the best ever." Although she is busy with athletics, art work and school, in a short time she easily earned \$35.00 through our Club. In addition to the money, she earned:

*Tennis shoes for sports and gymnasium*

*A red beret tam for sports*

*A subscription to a favorite girls' magazine*

*A water color outfit for her art club work*

And a camera, a string of shimmering pearls . . . and a blue-and-gold honor pin. And so many other things that I haven't room to tell about them all.

### It's Easy

Mary Kirk, who earned over \$20.00, writes:

"You can't imagine how happy I am. I have begun a savings account made up entirely of Club money. The other day after school I earned \$1.75 in a short time. It's easy. And fun, too. I recommend the Club to any girl who'd like to be happy, free financially."

Do you want to be financially happy and free? Then come join us. Club membership is open now. Why not learn the pleasant details by sending me the coupon below?



Manager of The Girls' Club

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

1101 Independence Square  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'm eager to earn money and prizes. I understand that this inquiry places me under no obligations.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

(Please Print Name and Address)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## The House with the Cross-eyed Windows

(Continued from page 32)

Robin's offended expression. "What I mean is this: I think you thought it happened, but it didn't."

"Do you think I'm crazy?" demanded Robin belligerently, thoroughly ruffled at her twin's attitude.

"Not crazy—sleepy. I believe that's the whole explanation. Don't you remember before I went to the store, you said you were so sleepy you could hardly keep your eyes open?" Bob hurried on. "Well, you went upstairs and threw yourself down on that comfortable bed. Then unconsciously you relaxed, for you were tired and sleepy, and in just the seconds or minutes you closed your eyes, you dreamed about the shriek and bagpipes."

He finished with a long breath of relief and looked anxiously at his twin's down-bent face, but she shook her head stubbornly.

"Even that won't explain the disappearance of the sandwiches and cakes, which I know were here."

"Yes, it would too," Bob declared triumphantly. "You rushed down the stairs half asleep, and didn't fully notice the number of cakes."

"I fixed our supper and arranged the sandwiches here on the table before I went upstairs," Robin said with dignity.

"And you were dreadfully sleepy then. You may even have dreamed about the ham sandwiches. Say, what is the kitten playing with, Rob?"

The roly-poly kitten had vanished under the table until only the very tip of its tail showed. Robin reached down and pulling it out gave it a gentle shake as she picked up the fluttering piece of paper caught between its playful paws.

"What have you there, pussy?" she inquired as she smoothed out the crumpled paper ball with which it had been frolicking. Then she gave an exultant exclamation as she examined her find.

"Good for you, pussy," she cried joyously with a triumphant air which piqued her twin's curiosity. "Now, Bob, maybe at last you'll believe me when I tell you I wasn't dreaming."

And with a smile of satisfaction she shook before her brother's astonished eyes, a piece of waxed paper on which decided traces of minced ham and mayonnaise still lingered.

"There! What do you think of that?" she demanded, enjoying to the utmost her twin's discomfited expression. "What did I tell you? Dreaming, eh?"

"Accept my humble apologies, Robin

Adair," Bob said in a tone of surprise.

"Do you wonder that I say the place is haunted?" asked Robin with a nervous little shiver as she glanced wide-eyed over her shoulder.

"Certainly it's not haunted. Don't be a silly," he reproved in a superior tone. "Your imagination is certainly running away with you. There's some perfectly simple explanation without a doubt. It might have been a mischievous child," said Bob as he picked up the kitten which was chasing its tail.

However, he was more than careful about closing and locking all the windows, and as he fastened the doors which shut the ballroom wing from the rest of the house, and shot the bolt in the door leading into the octagon library, he reflected with satisfaction that if a

tramp by any chance had strayed inside, he would find it impossible to get into the main part of the house.

While Robin was busy clearing up, he ran on upstairs and went over all the upper rooms.

"Everything's all right, Robbie," he called as Robin mounted the stairs. "I've been through these three rooms of

ours with a fine tooth comb, and locked and bolted the door into the wing over the ballroom. So we're shut in safe and tight."

"That's good," Robin responded with a visible air of relief, repressing a shiver as she stepped into her own room. "I suppose it's very foolish of me, but I simply can't make myself believe I dreamed hearing the bagpipes, and I admit I wish Allison were here to sleep with me in that huge bed."

Bob was whistling cheerfully as he prowled about admiring the paneled walls. "And look here, Rob, at Uncle Fergus' portrait. At least I suppose it is Uncle Fergus because of the long red whiskers," he added as he paused before a large oil painting and surveyed it.

Robin turned about to stare at it indifferently. "I don't think that's Uncle," she disagreed with a shake of her head as she smothered a yawn. "I imagine that is one of his ancestors, but I don't like it anyway. Those painted eyes following me round and round the room make me feel creepy." The more Robin looked at the picture, the more excited she got.

Bob looked at his sister in surprise. He had never seen her so upset before, but plainly she was on the verge of tears.

"I tell you what," he suggested after a minute's pause. "Suppose we trade rooms for tonight. I'll sleep in here and



Trapped by smoke and fire, all communication cut off—

you may use my room. How about it?"

"Oh, Bob, will you really? I feel like a regular baby acting so silly over anything, but I just hate to be in this room alone," Robin admitted as she started making the bed.

Ten minutes later Rob snuggled down in her bed, and in five minutes time she was asleep. And so was Bob in his room across the hall.

Bob must have slept several hours when he roused again and sat bolt upright in bed with the uncomfortable feeling that something or someone was in the room.

He could feel the hair at the back of his neck prickle while he broke out into a cold perspiration, for faintly but unmistakably as though from very far away came the wailing skirl of bagpipes playing *The Blue Bells of Scotland*.

It was uncanny, and in spite of the warm night, Bob shivered. Then common sense came to his rescue and he leaned as far as he could out of the window and peered out.

He tried to compose himself for slumber, but he tossed and turned restlessly for a long time before he at last fell asleep. It was still dark when he was again awakened, this time by a wailing cry that started at the bottom of the scale and mounted to a shrill crescendo, only to die away at last in a sobbing noise that made his blood run cold.

"It *must* be the wind whistling through the keyhole. I don't wonder that people think this house is haunted," he shivered to himself. But his own thoughts did not reassure him, for the soft breeze that blew through his open windows could never account for a sound like the one he had just heard. Much to his relief the wail was not repeated, and, feeling that it was the longest night he ever remembered, he finally dropped off to sleep again.

The first gray light of dawn was creeping through his windows when he awakened once more. With a muttered exclamation he jumped up and sat on the edge of the bed, swinging his pajamaed legs to and fro.

"I don't wonder Rob hates your looks," he grumbled, shaking a savage fist at the pictured face opposite him. "One would think that you objected to this room being occupied by anyone but yourself. I'm beginning to think that there's a banshee in this place. But I'm going to warn Rob not to say a word to Mother. There's no need of having her worried because we're a pair of nervous ninnies."

He dressed, and his clumpy pair of heavy shoes and well-worn corduroy trousers made him feel very different from the scared-to-death Bob of the night before.

He was feeling quite cheerful as he tied his necktie before the bureau, when suddenly through the quiet of the house there echoed and re-echoed a shriek of terror in Rob's voice that sent him dashing from the room.

"Rob, what is it?" he shouted and was greatly reassured as the door of Robin's room opened quickly and a laughing, apologetic face peered mischievously

(Continued on page 56)

## Minutes for Study

### That Once Took Hours!



**These wonderful little books bring higher marks,  
praise at school—and more time for fun!**

**H**AVEN'T you disliked those hours of home study—hours that should rightly have been yours for recreation and pleasure? Haven't you worried about class standings and looked forward with dread to examination days?

Now you can forget all those troubles—for a wonderful, new means of easy study is opened to you with **CEBCO REVIEW BOOKS**! This group of condensed little text books covers in brief form the material contained in your school text books, and they give you in minutes the facts you used to need hours to learn. Each book is prepared by experienced teachers of the subject and each book is carefully edited to bring out the main points you want to know for recitation and examination.

And how they'll help you! Just think! No more long hours of study . . . no more tired eyes . . . no more cramming for exams. Instead, you'll have a new appreciation of school . . . more praise from your teacher . . . letter perfect lessons . . . higher standings . . . real happiness!

We have received letters of thanks from girls who go to school in every section of the United States—Maine, Florida, California, Oregon—telling us what **CEBCO REVIEW BOOKS** did for them. Here is a sample:

"Your Review Books give me the essentials I must know and equip me in a short time to pass all my quizzes and examinations with the highest marks. I believe I am the best informed pupil in my class. I now find school life a pleasure and I owe it all to your remarkable Review Books."



**REDUCED  
PRICE**

for complete set

By acting now on this limited-time offer, you will make your entire path through High School easier:

The 13 **Cebco High School** titles (see list in coupon) total \$8.05. This month, the set complete, is offered at \$6.70.

Take advantage of this special price. You save \$1.35 in cash, and hundreds of hours in time and worry.

Teachers recommend them, too. One of the 34,000 teachers who endorse **CEBCO REVIEW BOOKS**, writes: "Cebco offers the pupil in one page what it takes many pages to cover in the text books."

These books are in no way a correspondence course. Once you own them, there is no further expense or

**CEBCO**  
—the simplified  
new way to study



bother. They fit in perfectly with your regular school work. The help that thousands of other students are receiving from **Cebco Books** can also be yours, and here's the way to prove it. Choose your hardest subjects from the list below, check them off and send for them. You take no risk whatever, for you may return the books in five days and get your money back without question. But we are sure that you, like the others, will refuse to part with them once you see how much brighter and easier they'll make your school days, how quickly they'll bring your marks upward toward the perfect mark!

Take this opportunity to happiness. Decide now to own **Cebco Review Books**. Clip the coupon before another day passes. If you wish, make use of our special quantity offer. But act today!



**COLLEGE ENTRANCE  
BOOK CO., INC.**  
102 Fifth Ave.  
Dept. A-3, New York

Compact, well-printed, ranging from 64 to 208 pages—each **Cebco** title covers its subject completely . . . in the fewest possible words—in the least possible time.

**College Entrance Book Co., Inc.**  
102 Fifth Ave., Dept. A-3, New York

Please send me at once the titles checked below. Money order, check or coin enclosed.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Biology . . . . . 55c             | <input type="checkbox"/> American History 55c                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Physics . . . . . 65c             | <input type="checkbox"/> Ancient and Medieval History . . . 65c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry . . . . . 65c           | <input type="checkbox"/> Elementary Algebra . . . . . 80c       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French, 2 yrs. . . . . 55c        | <input type="checkbox"/> 6-A History . . . . . 30c              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French, 3 yrs. . . . . 55c        | <input type="checkbox"/> 6-B History . . . . . 30c              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish, 2, 3, 4 yrs. . . . . 65c | <input type="checkbox"/> 7-A History . . . . . 30c              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> English, 4 yrs. . . . . 65c       | <input type="checkbox"/> 7-B History . . . . . 30c              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Economics . . . . . 65c           | <input type="checkbox"/> 8-A History . . . . . 30c              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Companion to Caesar . . . . . 55c | <input type="checkbox"/> 8-B History . . . . . 30c              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Comp'n to Cleop'ra 70c            | <input type="checkbox"/> 6-B Geography . . . . . 30c            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern History 55c                | <input type="checkbox"/> 7-A Geography . . . . . 30c            |
|  | <input type="checkbox"/> 7-B Geography . . . . . 30c            |

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Read what happens in "Through Walls of Fire"—coming in April



You can't help but notice  
how much *softer*  
and lighter Kotex is



Travel Apparel from Jay-Thorpe

Here is a sanitary pad that really fits . . . really protects. And women have the added assurance of knowing that 85% of America's leading hospitals choose this very same absorbent.

**T**ODAY, with smartness a guide to every costume detail, women appreciate Kotex more than ever. For this sanitary pad is designed to fit securely, designed to protect adequately, without being in the least bulky. And it is soft . . . even after hours of wear!

#### Used in great hospitals

If you were to think of the one source of authority on sanitary protection, what would it be? The medical world, certainly. Then you'll be glad to know that 85% of the country's leading hospitals not only approve of, but actually use Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding today!

Please remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with 5 times the absorbency.

It replaces the thousands of pounds of surgical cotton in dressings. Last year hospitals bought 2½ million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads!

Kotex is so soft and comfortable because it is made up of layer upon layer of this unusual absorbent—Cellucotton. Each

#### SAFE, SECURE . . .

- 1 Keeps your mind at ease.
- 2 **Kotex is soft** . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 **The Kotex filler** is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
- 4 **In hospitals** . . . The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 5 Deodorizes, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12  
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12  
At any drug, dry goods or department store;  
or singly in vending cabinets, through West  
Disinfecting Co.

layer is a quick, complete absorbent in itself. And you can easily separate these layers, using only what needs demand.

The way the corners are rounded and tapered makes for further comfort. It explains too, why Kotex leaves no revealing outline under the most close-fitting of frocks. Kotex deodorizes . . . gives that final measure of daintiness no smart woman dares overlook. Buy a box. Try it. After all, how else can you tell? Kotex Co., Chicago, Illinois.

# KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

## The House with the Cross-eyed Windows

(Continued from page 55)

through, its smile turning into a grin. "Did I scare you nearly to death?" she giggled. "Oh, dear, I'm so sorry. It isn't anything at all, Bob, so don't look so worried. You see, I was sound asleep and I guess dreaming, when all of a sudden something soft brushed against my face. I was so startled I just screamed."

"Well, what was it?" demanded Bob, clutching his nose with one hand and his necktie with the other.

"It was the cat," murmured Robin meekly, looking the very picture of repentance. "I took it in with me last night. I had forgotten all about it, and it patted my face with one of its paws. Oh-h-h, what a fright it gave me. I thought it was the ghost Mr. MacIntyre told us about, for you see, I woke up once during the night, and it seemed as if that cry I heard was still echoing in my ears. Otherwise, I slept like a top."

"And I feel like a top," thought Bob grimly as he ran down the stairs and opened doors and windows. "My head's going round and round and spinning, I suppose from lack of sleep. I do hope the Perrys will have an early breakfast."

The Perrys did have an early breakfast, and Bob consumed pink slices of ham and fresh eggs and goodness knows how many muffins with honey.

Soon they all rose from the table, and then Mr. Perry left for business, and Rob and Bob hurried back to their work.

The rest of the day fairly flew by. Mrs. Adair's room was made as fresh and clean as willing hands could accomplish, but Robin's own room was left until another time. At Bob's advice, Robin cleaned out the kitchen closet and washed all the dishes and glasses and pots and pans that she could find, so as to have everything in readiness for the evening meal.

In the middle of the afternoon she appeared at Bob's side, tired and dirty, but with a beaming smile. Her brown eyes danced as she waved what looked like a dingy scrap of paper jubilantly at him.

"See what I've found," she burst out impetuously, dancing around the room on the tips of her toes. "I was never so surprised in my life. It's the first of the treasure."

"What is?" demanded Bob.

"This. It's a two-dollar bill, and it was poked down in the spout of the teapot. I found it when I washed the china. I told you Uncle Fergus was a miser, and this proves it. Why, if I found two dollars in a teapot, I could find—"

"Two hundred dollars in a coffee pot," teased Bob, examining the dirty bill with respect just the same, in spite of his flippant tone. Two-dollar bills were not to be laughed at.

"You can laugh all you want," continued Rob good-naturedly as she sank down on a chair and fanned herself with her soiled apron. "But look!"

From her pocket she produced a handful of loose change which she exhibited with pride. "Ten cents was in a

*Do you have a hard time keeping your clothes closet in order?—*

vegetable dish, twenty-five cents was in an old baking powder tin, while I found the fifty-cent piece wrapped in a wad of paper and poked in a crack. The five-cent piece was in the pepper box with two pennies. Not a single article of any description gets thrown out of this house until it passes under my eagle eyes," she announced firmly.

"I should think not, if uncle has secreted his change around like that," returned Bob. "Say, Rob, if you've finished washing and searching, you'd better scour yourself a bit. You look like a coal heaver."

"I think we both do. Go look in the mirror," retorted Robin.

Nevertheless she jumped to her feet obediently and tied the loose change up in her handkerchief as she spoke, while Bob gathered up his cleaning rags and pail and clattered down the stairs.

It was fortunate she took his advice, for hardly had she changed her dress when Opal, Mrs. Perry's colored maid, appeared at the back door with a basket.

"It's just a few things Mis' Perry sent over for you," she explained, glancing uneasily about the kitchen. "If you cares to unpack the things, I kin take the basket back with me."

"Won't you sit down?" asked Robin hospitably, pushing forward a chair, but plainly Opal was not anxious to stay.

"No thank you kindly, Ma'am, but no haunted house for me," she declined the invitation in a mysterious whisper.

"Haunted?" repeated Rob as she took a luscious-looking pie out of the basket. "H-how do you mean it's haunted?"

Opal's voice sank even lower though it was plain to be seen that she thoroughly enjoyed the idea of being the first to impart such a choice tidbit.

"Well—folks say how ghostly shapes flit round through the library, and lights flicker about ever since Mr. MacDonald's death. I 'spect it's his ghost coming to haunt the place," she breathed with a quick startled glance over her shoulder. "Was I you, I wouldn't stay in this place, chile, if you was to offer me a diamond crown," she vowed with emphasis.

With a little shake of her shoulders, Rob tried to put all thoughts of ghosts from her mind, and as she unwrapped a plump chicken, a delicately browned pie, a crusty loaf of home-made bread and a big bunch of home-grown asparagus, she reflected that a neighbor like Mrs. Perry ought to outweigh even the fear of a banshee.

She had just picked up a knife to slice the bread, when Bob's insistent whistle sent her scurrying to the front door, as down the road came Mr. O'Brien's wagon with her mother and Malcolm smiling and waving at her from the front seat, while Allison's chubby face beamed over their shoulders like a full moon. And as she flew down the front path to welcome them to their new home, all thoughts of haunted houses and wailing banshees were banished from her mind in the merry hub-bub of greeting that followed.

A mysterious prowler in the strange old house! Don't miss the next thrilling installment—even if it does give you goose flesh!

## Japanese Girls learn to make ROYAL Doughnuts..



AMERICAN school girls aren't the only ones who are taught by the lecture-demonstration method. Here is a Japanese cooking class seeing the evidence that Royal Baking Powder makes just as good doughnuts in Japan as it does here.

The Royal Cook Book has introduced American recipes far and wide. And Royal Baking Powder is known all over the world for its wholesomeness and fine baking results.

The Cream of Tartar in Royal is what does it—gives foods unusual lightness... fine texture... and especially delicious flavor. This pure fruit product comes from luscious grapes. Doctors and hospital dietitians say that Cream of Tartar is the most wholesome ingredient that can be used in a baking powder. And cooking experts agree that it is the most dependable.

No wonder, then, that this Japanese cooking class likes fragrant, nut-brown

doughnuts—made with Royal. Their teacher will tell them, too, about fritters and croquettes—and other fried foods which Royal makes so successfully.

Royal, the Cream of Tartar  
baking powder. Absolutely  
pure.

### Free! Royal Cook Book

New up-to-date edition  
of the famous Royal  
Cook Book, containing  
many new features.



Royal Baking Powder  
Product of Standard Brands Incorporated  
Dept. 212, 595 Madison Avenue, New York City  
Please send me—free—your famous Royal Cook Book.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

### Wātatic For Girls

On Lake Winnekeag, Ashburnham, Mass.  
MODERN SANITATION. 14th Year. Near New York  
and Boston. 1200 feet above sea level. All water sports  
under careful supervision. Sleeping cabins. Individual at-  
tention. Excellent staff. Three Divisions: Ages 4-8; 8-12;  
12-16. Moderate rate. Horseback riding included.  
Write for catalog to Miss A. A. Roberts, Director  
135 Mamaroneck Rd., White Plains, N.Y.

## If You're Interested in Things!

If you're interested in foreign lands and people far away; if you're interested in books, and people and pretty clothes; if you want to know the secrets of poise and charm and looks; if you love to read good stories—you know just where to go. If you would read of famous authors, of artists world-renowned—hurry up with that subscription—for all this is in THE AMERICAN GIRL!

If you're interested in other girls and other lands; if you're interested in houses; in how to change your room; in cooking dainties to charm the fancy; in learning brand new games; in hobbies and in play—there's just one place to get all this—and that's THE AMERICAN GIRL! If you're interested in things, you won't want to miss a single issue—ever! Renew that subscription—NOW!



The American Girl  
670 Lexington Avenue  
New York, New York

I am enclosing \$1.50 for one year or \$2.00 for two years and am looking forward to many months of real enjoyment.

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City and State.....

\*Canadian postage 25c extra for 1 year; 50c for 2 years. Foreign postage 50c extra for 1 year; \$1.00 for 2 years.

If so, read—in April—how it can be done simply

# Girl Scouts and Leaders Who Camp



## Official Camp Uniforms of Pamico Cloth and Chambray

The uniforms are made of dark green Pamico Cloth or Chambray. Pamico Cloth is a porous material, designed especially for summer wear. Easily laundered—does not require ironing. The Chambray is light weight and an attractive grey-green.

*Don't you like the feeling of having your own money?—*



# Buy Your New Uniforms Now!

## The Girl Scout's Uniform

Every Girl Scout who goes to camp will want the new official uniform of middy and bloomers. Girl Scout mothers will like it, too, because it is made to stand the wear and tear of camp life. The middy has fitted sides; the pleated bloomers have an adjustable waist band.

R-110—Pamico Cloth . . . . .	\$3.75
R-109—Chambray . . . . .	2.50
R-625—Windsor tie, green, red, purple, blue, yellow, brown . . . . .	.25
R-626—Crêpe de chine folded tie—same colors . . . . .	.80
J-906—Stockings, dark green ribbed lisle . . . . .	.50
J-909—Socks, green wool . . . . .	.75
J-910—Socks, mercerized cotton . . . . .	.50
J-157—Keds, white with green trimmings	
Sizes 6-2 . . . . .	1.85
Sizes 2½-8 . . . . .	2.00
J-511—Sweater, pull-over, dark green wool . . . . .	3.25
J-506—Sweater, coat, heavy dark green wool . . . . .	8.00
R-601—Beret, dark green . . . . .	1.25



## The Leader's Uniform

You will like the new smock and knicker suit. It is smart and practical. The smock reaches just above the knees. Either a windsor or folded tie is worn with it. Belt of same material comes with it, but the Sport Leather Belt adds a distinctive touch. The fitted knickers are adjusted at the waist by an elastic inset.

R-204—Pamico cloth uniform (Sizes 32 to 44) . . .	\$7.00
R-205—Chambray uniform (sizes 32 to 44) . . .	6.00
J-921—Shaped lisle stockings . . . . .	.75
A-166—Sport belt, sizes 28-38 . . . . .	1.00
A-167—Sizes 40-46 . . . . .	1.25
R-623—Crêpe de Chine Windsor Tie . . . . .	.85
Colors—Navy Blue, Light Blue, Green, Yellow, Purple, Red	

## THE GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT

670 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK

*Then write us for information about the Earn-Your-Own Club*



## Pageants and Plays For Gala Days

### FOR SPRING

The Conspiracy of Spring	50 cents
The Queen of Youth	50 cents
The Crowning of Spring	50 cents

### FOR EASTER

The Kingdom	One dollar
The Tree of Life	50 cents
Night and Morning	50 cents

And many others

### THE WOMANS PRESS

600 Lexington Avenue New York

## Here is an American Girl You'll Love—



## JUDY

A story of  
Divine Corners

By FAITH BALDWIN

Some lively, wide-awake high school girls build a summer camp on the St. Lawrence. Outdoor sports, gay parties and a mysterious light on a nearby island will keep the reader tense with excitement.

Chosen by the  
Junior Literary Guild  
Illustrated. \$2.00

DODD, MEAD & CO.  
449 Fourth Ave., New York

## GOOD TIMES FOR ALL TIMES

A CYCLOPEDIA OF  
ENTERTAINMENT

By NINA B. LAMKIN

The most complete and satisfactory book of its kind ever compiled. Every sort of game, ceremony, stunt and entertainment is here described.

Concrete suggestions for the home, church, school and community.

An indispensable guide for teachers, playground directors, and all who have to do with recreational work.

Over 400 pages of text and illustrations.  
ONE BOUND VOLUME PRICE \$4.00

SAMUEL FRENCH

25 West 45th St. New York City

## Palissy, the Potter

(Continued from page 21)

would be his duty to consider how he might get out." All the effect that failure had on him was to make him work harder.

He was so poor that he could buy no more wood. But even in a house where there is no money there is at least always something wooden. The chairs and tables went into the furnace, then the doors, then the floors were ripped up to bake the last batch of earthenware that Bernard had coated with his strange mixtures of pounded minerals.

Even the front door was gone. But at dawn next day when the birds began to chatter in the trees of the village square and the first smoke was curling from the chimneys of Saintes, a haggard figure swayed over the doorsill with a tray of white dishes on which the fine enamel was perfectly and evenly baked. Bernard Palissy set the tray down beside his hearth and lay down beside it. Instantly he fell asleep. He had found the secret for which he had been searching for sixteen years.

Soon there were new doors and good walnut chairs and tables in the potter's house and a chicken in the pot every Sunday, for Bernard was now a maker of luxuries and the king and all his court were his patrons.

His beautiful ware was decorated in colors, for, with his white enamel as a base, Palissy could do anything now. His favorite designs he took from the forests and fields and rocks and streams of France.

As a child he had played in the chestnut forests of Perigord, where the glass workers had their huts. At eighteen he had walked all over France, earning his living by his trade of painting on glass. No smallest leaf or lizard or tiny green garter snake escaped his eye. All his life he read in "the beautiful book of the earth"; he had the same pleasure in receiving a present of a conch shell from Guinea or a strange stone turned up by some farmer's ploughshare in Saintes, or in noticing under the apple trees "certain hedgehogs which had rolled themselves into a round form and having thrust their little hairs or needles over the said apples, went thus burdened."

In his pottery he modeled and colored lizards, tortoises, snails, serpents, butterflies, and leaves so accurately that they are a naturalist's record, exact as the plates in a text book. For fountains and gardens and terraces he made pottery ornaments of this kind, so lifelike that they could be told only by touch.

He called himself "worker in earth and inventor of rustic figulines", and it was these figulines that brought him fame.

Catherine de Medici summoned him to Paris to decorate her garden in the new palace she was having built near the Seine on the site where some tile works had recently been pulled down. So he became known as Bernard of the Tuileries and worked in the very gardens where children roll their hoops now while all the busy life of Paris goes by outside the iron gates.

He took to Paris with him his collection of specimens, a natural history museum of his own, and gave lectures once a week. For these he charged a dollar each and had for his audience some of the most serious philosophers of his day.

The times in which he lived were evil. The court was corrupt, and religious persecution stopped at no cruelties and horrors. It was well known that Bernard belonged to the Reformed faith, and he always stood fearlessly by his beliefs.

But why burn at the stake a potter who could make figulines for the gardens of the nobility? So Bernard escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew and was left in safety for a while.

He lived in the world of his own imagination where there was neither avarice nor cruelty nor the pomp and glory of kings, nor the intrigue of courtiers. And instead of the spectacle of the abuse of power and the

martyrdom of innocents he saw in his mind's eye a paradise where the lion and the lamb lay down together. Here were beautiful gardens where cucumbers and melons shaded their fruits from the sun with dark-veined leaves and rose trees and gooseberries bore their fruit and flowers in the same hedge. In the spring meadows little colts followed their mothers on long wobbly legs and young calves looked thoughtfully about in the sunny fields.

But in France in those days no man could work long at peace with his pottery and his books and his dreams if he were known to be a Huguenot. Henry the Third issued a decree prohibiting the Reformed worship on pain of death, and Palissy, at the age of seventy-six, was imprisoned in the Bastille. It was only through the influence of his powerful friends and patrons that he escaped execution.

But this lover of the fields could not live long in prison walls. After four years the old potter died, in 1589, the same year in which King Henry was assassinated.



"Why were the middle ages called the Dark Ages?"

"Because there were so many knights!"

You can't tell your foreign correspondent everything in your letters—

## Ishbel MacDonald

(Continued from page 11)

Scotch, though she was born and raised into girlhood in a suburb of London called Hampstead, the eldest daughter of intelligent parents with a large family, small income and no social status whatever. Ramsay MacDonald, as Scotch as his name, was a journalist by trade, but never a good artisan, and too full of ideals to be a money maker. His wife was a remarkably fine woman who shared her husband's lofty ideals. The young couple threw themselves enthusiastically into social service. But in 1911 when Ishbel was only eight years old the mother died leaving the eldest daughter to be the little mother of the family with two younger sisters and two elder brothers for whom to keep house.

Ramsay MacDonald, though each year busier and more prominent politically, found time to share with his children at home, and though there was little enough money to spare, each one had a fine education. As Ishbel grew older and wiser, following in the parental footsteps, her interests, too, turned to social service and, preparatory to entering it seriously, she enrolled at eighteen in King's College, London, for a course in domestic science.

Then in the political embroglio of 1924, with everything in England turned topsy-turvy by the war, Ramsay MacDonald, scorned a few years ago as a pacifist, suddenly became Great Britain's Prime Minister. By this same move his eldest daughter, an inexperienced young girl of twenty-one, was elevated to the bewildering position of official hostess of his government. Just as Queen Victoria almost a century ago was awakened from her sleep to be told she was Queen of England, so Ishbel was snatched from the seclusion of a London college and a suburban home to be made mistress of the sedate old mansion known as Number Ten Downing Street, the historic home of England's prime ministers.

It was a job the responsibilities of which have been known to intimidate the most matured and mellow hostesses—and Ishbel had had no training for it. Her domestic science diploma helped her little, if any, for the mechanics of hostessing at Number Ten are efficiently handled by a housekeeper. It is the subtler diplomacy of entertaining which has caused sleepless nights to wives of other prime ministers trained by birth and experience for the task. Yet this young woman met the situation with such unaffected charm, so gracefully and simply that they called her "Ishbel the Conqueror."

Of course, every woman in the kingdom was anxious to give her advice. One titled lady wrote offering to help her choose her wardrobe and to coach her in court etiquette. Ishbel's reply was characteristic. Thanking this lady for her kindness, she said, "I have chosen my gowns and I think I shall know how to behave at court."

Her confidence in her own ability was justified when, early in the new ministry, the King and Queen invited Ramsay

(Continued on page 63)

## Wishing for the Moon?



*How many of us do that sort of thing without realizing how easy we could make most of our wishes come true if we only tried?*

THERE was June who dreamed of all the things she would like to do and have if only she had the money. But she didn't do anything about it. Then one day she met Jane who was thrilled about a trip she was going to take during the spring holidays.

"How do you do it?" asked June. "I mean, the money part?" "It's easy to earn money, once you've become acquainted with Betty Brooks," answered Jane.

Be like Jane and, when you hear of a trip that your class or club is going to take, start right in and earn money to cover the expenses. Don't always depend on Mother; she has so many other things to think about. If Jane wanted a watch, she found out how much it would cost. Then she would be very busy after school or on Saturdays, and soon she would proudly be wearing her watch, paid for with her own money.

How many things have you wanted that you couldn't get because you didn't have the money? How many trips did you have to forego because at the last minute there wasn't enough money to cover them?

Stop wishing. There are sometimes pleasant ways to make wishes come true. Write to Betty Brooks and she will tell you all about them.

**EARN-YOUR-OWN CLUB**  
**THE AMERICAN GIRL**

670 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

*Send her an "American Girl" subscription—she'll certainly appreciate it*





### AS DEFTLY AS AN INDIAN PRINCESS

THE modern girl guides her craft skilfully through strong currents . . . silently dips and raises her paddle . . . and skims along tirelessly for miles. Especially if she chooses an "Old Town." For "Old Towns" are designed directly from Indian birch-barks. They float as gracefully as an autumn leaf. Yet they're sturdy, strong, and well built.

Free catalog shows paddling, sailing, and square-stern models. As low as \$67. With spoons if you like. Also shows outboard boats, including fast, seaworthy, all-wood family boats; dinghies; rowboats; and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 193 Fourth St., Old Town, Maine.

## "Old Town Canoes"

**CAMPS  
Information**

FREE catalogs and expert advice on ALL Boys' or Girls' camps in U. S. (also U. S. "School Guide" free). Learn comparative ratings. State Chartered Information Bureau. No fees.

Address:—  
**AMERICAN SCHOOLS  
ASSOCIATION**  
1212 Times Building,  
New York City, or  
17 N. State St.,  
Chicago

**Merrywold**

Camp for Girls 10-18 Winthrop, Maine. Real camping in the Maine woods. 180 acre playground. All activities. Trips. Limited to 30 well recommended girls. Experienced leaders. Moderate fee all inclusive. The Director has had long experience in Girl Scouting as Scout Director and Camp Director. For beautifully illustrated booklet, address: **Mariette S. Kirk, 320 Berkeley Drive, Syracuse, New York.**

**SWASTIKA** Girls 7-25

A camp on Granite Lake, Munsonville, N. H. Alt. 1300 feet. Mt. Monadnock region. Screened cabins, modern sanitation. All activities. Motorboat, gymnasium, riding and trips included in \$200 season fee. Councilor training course for girls over 18 years. \$100 season. Write the Director.

Mrs. R. E. Hodgdon (Formerly Girl Scout Captain)  
436 Broadway, Cambridge, Massachusetts

**BRYN AFON**  
For Girls—13th Season  
ROOSEVELT, WISCONSIN

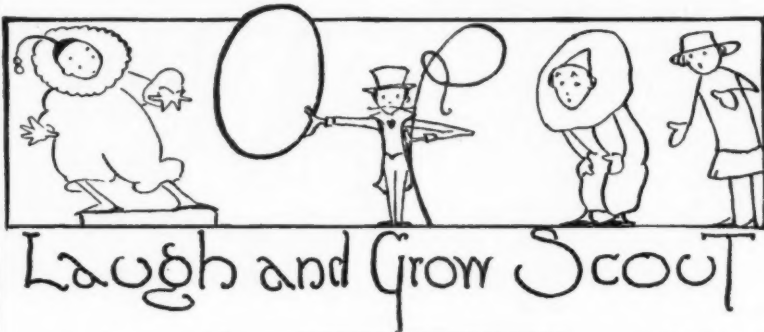
Private Lake. All Land and Water Sports. Kentucky Horses. Craft Studio. Screened Cabins. Hot and Cold Showers. Staff of 35 College Graduates. Physician, Nurse and Dietitian. Booklet.

Lotta A. Broadbridge  
1001 E. Jefferson Detroit, Mich.

**Baco BATIK Dyes** (Recognized as the Standard)

2-oz. tins in Powder form . . . From \$.80 up  
2-oz. jars in Liquid form @ . . . \$.40 a jar  
Baco Paint Stopper @ . . . \$.50 per jar  
Baco Dystik, Crayon, Box 12 colors, @ \$1.50

Write for Price List  
**BACHMEIER & CO., INC.**  
434 West 37th St. Dept. 10 New York City



## Laugh and Grow Scout



### Needs Coaching

**FIRST CLASS SCOUT:** Do you play golf?

**TENDERFOOT:** Dear me, no. I don't believe I should even know how to hold the caddie.—Sent by **MARGARET MUSSELMAN, Dallas, Texas.**

### Impossible

"Just think, Aunt Lil, my husband got Hamburg and Java on the radio last night."

"Now, my dear child, you don't think I'll ever believe they can deliver groceries on that fool contraption."—Sent by **LOIS RUTH UNGER, Milwaukee, Wisconsin**

### Await Orders

A railroad agent in Africa had been "bawled out" for doing things without orders from headquarters. One day his boss received the following startling telegram:

"Tiger on platform eating conductor. Wire instructions."—Sent by **LEORA CASS, Carlsbad, New Mexico.**



### How to Train a Dog

"How is it," said one dog owner to another, "that your dog knows all kinds of smart tricks, while I find it impossible to teach my dog anything?"

"Well, you see," said the other dog owner, "you've got to know more than the dog to start with."—Sent by **JANE A. JONES, Scranton, Pennsylvania.**

### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

#### Works Both Ways

The Frenchman did not like the looks of a barking dog barring his way.

"It's all right," said his host. "Don't you know the old proverb, 'Barking dogs don't bite?'"

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman, "I know ze proverbs, you know ze proverbs, but ze dog—does he know ze proverbs?"—Sent by **PATRICIA CROWELL, Mountain Lakes, New Jersey.**

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

### A Good Come-Back

Standing by the entrance of a large estate in the suburbs of Dublin are two huge lions carved out of granite An Englishman going by in a motor thought he would have some fun with the Irish driver. "How often do they feed those two lions?"

"Whenever they roar, sir," was the straightforward reply.—Sent by **KATHERINE BISSET, Harrodsburg, Kentucky.**



### No Hero to His Son

**TEACHER:** Do fish grow fast?

**JOHN:** And how! My dad caught ours and it grows six inches every time he mentions it.—Sent by **CAROL BLISS, Chicago, Illinois.**

### Correct

**TENDERFOOT** (asking ninety-eighth question in twenty minutes): Is a vessel a boat?

**FIRST CLASS SCOUT** (trying to study): Well, yes, you might call a vessel a boat.

**TENDERFOOT:** Then, what kind of a vessel is a blood vessel?

**FIRST CLASS SCOUT:** A lifeboat, of course. Now get out of here.—Sent by **DOROTHY ELLIS, Utica, New York.**

### Too Dark

**JOHNNY'S MOTHER:** Johnny, there were three pieces of cake in the pantry and now there is only one. How did that happen?

**JOHNNY:** Well, it was dark in there and I did not see the other piece.—Sent by **ELSIE HALKIRT, Queens Village, Long Island.**

You'll love Scatter as much as you did Midge—

## Ishbel MacDonald

(Continued from page 61)

MacDonald and his daughter to visit them at Windsor, Castle. Queen Mary was delighted with this fresh, attractive girl whose social position suddenly had become second to her Majesty's own.

"A wholly charming young girl," is what she said of her.

Her first sojourn in Downing Street lasted less than a year—287 days, to be exact. Then fortunes of political warfare, which take quick turns in England, caused the Labor party to be overthrown. Ramsay MacDonald and his family moved out of the distinguished mansion back to humble quarters again. Ishbel returned to her interesting work in the London slums. In 1928 she was appointed a member of the Housing Committee of the London County Council. This is the governing body of London and has extensive powers. Ishbel is one of only twenty-four women members.

In the summer of 1929 the Labor party again rose to power and Ramsay MacDonald's eldest daughter, still strangely young for the task, became for a second time in her life the mistress of Number Ten Downing Street. It was in this capacity that she visited America last fall, although she confessed that she would rather come as a member of the London County Council than as the daughter of Great Britain's Prime Minister. This would permit her to travel more inconspicuously, she explained, and give her more time to study social conditions over here. As it was, every moment she could snatch from the round of luncheons, dinners and receptions given in her honor, she spent visiting our children's courts and in seeing New York settlements. Social work is her main interest, though her devotion to her father makes politics run a close second.

But Ishbel, for all her responsibilities and her unusual experiences, is still just the normal, fun-loving girl. She looks like the typical athletic girl but admits she is not skilled in sports because she has so little time to give to them. Walking is her favorite recreation, and she plays hockey when she can manage it, but her hostess duties and her social work take up most of her time. Still she danced every night on the voyage to America and her first request on landing was to see an American football game. Hatless and enthusiastic, she watched one at Columbia University.

"The thing that impressed me most about that game was the beautiful way the boys fall. Your football players are wonderful fallers, and the cheering was different, too. We make plenty of noise at our rugby games but we have no organized cheering."

"What do you think of American girls?" was the first question I asked her. "I think they are splendid."

"Different from English girls?"

"Well, they wear their clothes at a different angle—"

"Better or worse?" I interrupted.

"Rather better, I should say," said our distinguished guest, "but I really know them too slightly to make other comparisons."



*Ulster*  
KNIFE CO.

**With this Knife on Your Belt  
You are Prepared**

## The ULSTER OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT KNIFE

Next time you start out on an all-day hike or a camping trip, be sure that there is an ULSTER Official Girl Scout Knife swinging from your belt. You will need it many times out in the woods. For this well made knife is one of the most useful pieces of equipment a Girl Scout can own. With it you can open cans, lift off bottle tops, cut shavings for a fire, tighten screws, punch holes in leather or wood, and make all kinds of handy things that will help you to rough it smoothly.

Examine this good-looking knife and see how practical every one of the tools are. It is almost a camping kit in itself when it gets into the hands of a resourceful Girl Scout. And its fine quality is apparent in the handsome bone stag handle, the shining nicked fittings and the well tempered steel blade and tools.

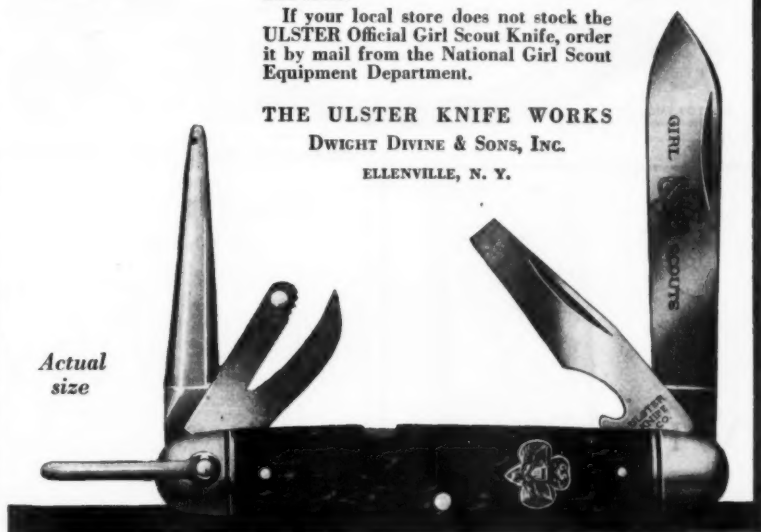
If your local store does not stock the ULSTER Official Girl Scout Knife, order it by mail from the National Girl Scout Equipment Department.

**THE ULSTER KNIFE WORKS**

DWIGHT DIVINE & SONS, INC.

ELLENVILLE, N. Y.

Actual  
size



### IT'S EASY TO RAISE MONEY

for Girl Scout Activities  
with

#### "THE OSBORNE BENEFIT PLAN"

An Original, Copyrighted Money-Raising Stunt for Girl Scout Troops.

WRITE FOR

#### LARGE ILLUSTRATED FOLDER

Free Souvenir mailed to all Girl Scout Leaders giving Name and Number of Troop.

#### THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY COMPANY

Lock Drawer G Camden, New York

### Girls make useful GIFTS with Leathercraft



Gifts such as handbags, pocketbooks, belts, book covers, etc. Skill is unnecessary. Graton & Knight furnish distinctive craft leathers cut to shape or in whole skins, patterns, designs, tools, dyes, lacings, and full instructions to complete the article.



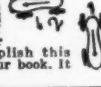
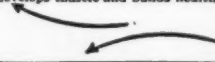


Send this advertisement with 25c for the 124 page Leathercraft instruction book.

GRATON & KNIGHT  
COMPANY  
Worcester, Mass.

**Notice to New Subscribers**—When you send in your subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL, be sure to send in your name and full address with it. If you don't, the magazine, of course, cannot go out to you. And you certainly want your magazine when you subscribe for it!

*Watch for the new heroine of our new series of rollicking stories*

## LESSONS ON ROLLER SKATING for HEALTH'S SAKE ROLLER SKATE

<b>1 Selecting Skates</b> This is very important. Our booklet tells how, also why "CHICAGO" Rubber Tire Skates are safe, fastest and noiseless. Tests prove these wheels outwear steel wheels 2 to 1. 	<b>2 Position of Feet</b> Learn correct position of the feet to secure grace with ease in skating. Learn why certain positions cause undue wear and poor results. Our booklet tells all. 	<b>3 A Quick Start</b> This is secured by certain positions of the feet and shifting weight of body. Any boy or girl can accomplish this after reading our book. It helps win races. 
<b>4 Long, Steady Strokes</b> Proper balance is destroyed by running on skates and it cuts down speed. The Long Steady Stroke develops muscle and builds health. 	<b>5 Stop With 4 Wheel Brakes</b> Drag toe and you soon have a flattened wheel—your skates are ruined. Learn the correct way with 4 Wheel Brakes, it's easy. 	<b>6 Cutting Circles</b> Quite a trick but simple when our instructions are followed. Get our FREE Book Today—Learn How! 

**THIS BOOK IS FREE!**  
**Write for Your Copy Today**

The only book of its kind printed. Tells everything you should know about correct Roller Skating—Get the facts.

**Join Our "Roll on Rubber" Club**  
 Get this beautiful Gold finished skate pin and Membership Certificate. Just enclose dealer's name and live to cover postage.

**For Health's Sake—Roller Skate**  
 With "CHICAGO" Rubber Tire Skates you can spin along in silence—No noise—No slipping. Greater speed and safety. Guaranteed in every way. "CHICAGO" are the best buy today—Order a pair. From your dealer or sent direct "post-paid" for \$4.00 and dealer's name.

**If You Prefer Steel Wheels** get our New 101—the Double Tread "Triple-Ware" Skates that outlast two of any other steel wheel skates made. Priced only \$2.25.

**CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.**  
 Established Over 1/4 Century  
 4403 W. Lake Street,  
 Chicago, Ill.

**How to Roller Skate**

**"CHICAGO" Rubber Tire Roller Skates**

**No. 101 Super Skate for Boys—Girls and Growns.**

**No. 101 Double Tread "Triple-Ware" Steel Wheel**

**ROLL ON Rubber**

**OUR GANG** enjoys the time of their lives on "CHICAGO"

**WHO**

**Wouldn't Like To Earn EXTRA MONEY**

**... especially this easy way!**

**YOU** all know how fresh and sweet **FRESH PACK** Waxed Paper keeps sandwiches ... even on the longest treks. And you know how often your Mother wraps cake, bread, butter, cheese, and a dozen other things in it ... how she uses it to line her cake pans ... how handy it is for every household use.

**CAN** you imagine, then, any easier way to make money than by selling **FRESH PACK** Waxed Paper to your family and friends? Ask your Girl Scout Leader to write today for our special Girl Scout plan ... it tells you how you can earn money for yourself and your troop ... quickly and easily.

**WAXED PRODUCTS CO.**  
 INC.  
 147—41 Street Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 (Bush Terminal)

**METROPOLE HOTEL**  
 CINCINNATI, OHIO

Offers you four hundred comfortable rooms, most of them with bath or shower, electric fan, circulating ice water and all the comforts of a splendid hotel.

The location is convenient —one block from Interstate Bus Terminal—post office — theatres — shopping and business center.

Single rooms & Bath \$2.50 to \$3.00 daily  
 Double rooms & Bath \$4.00 to \$7.00 daily

**Convenient Garage Service**  
**HOTEL METROPOLE**  
 WALNUT AT FIFTH  
 CINCINNATI, OHIO

**\$1.85**

For \$1.85 we will send prepaid the above GENUINE INDIAN BRACELET hand hammered out of sterling silver by NAVAJO and PUEBLO INDIANS of New Mexico, and set with genuine, high grade turquoise matrix, together with leaflet illustrating and explaining symbols used by Indians in decorating silverware, pottery and blankets. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

**SOUTHWEST ARTS AND CRAFTS**  
 Gans Bldg., Santa Fe, N. Mex.  
 Indian Traders and Wholesalers

## If You Are Going Away

(Continued from page 33)

The first bag may be readily accessible and carried to the dressing room, the other need not be disturbed during the trip.

I suggest carrying toilet articles in as compact form as possible. Cold cream and tooth paste come in tubes. Talcum, face powder and tooth powder come in shakers. Face tissues and cotton may be discarded as soon as used. A rubber-lined bag will hold messy things like wash cloth and soap. Be sure to carry a clothes brush, a shoe brush and cloth, a pair of folding rubbers, a piece of soap for washing out stockings, gloves and underwear, and a small sewing kit with the right shades of thread and mending cotton.

It is fashionable now to have canvas covers made for your traveling cases. These keep the leather from getting knocked and marred. Folding umbrellas do simplify keeping track of luggage.

Proper preparation for travel is one of the things that make good travelers. And it has always seemed to me that the other requisite was a flexible attitude toward traveling conditions. Competent travelers take the comforts and conveniences of traveling as their due. Traveling is tiresome only if it's an effort. It's fun if you take it easy and, very unobtrusively, keep your eyes open.

## To Paris with a Skillet

(Continued from page 23)

ready as possible for a hay harvest, after our living on it for two weeks. We had helped a little, with one or two of the crops of grass hay; we carried our last daily loads of thirty litres of milk and thirty pounds of bread; we had stacked poles by the barn, and extra firewood around a tree, for the use of the next campers; we had taken one last look around to see that fireplace rocks had been replaced, and all ditches leveled and raked off. Everything had been put into the best condition we could accomplish; we ate our last lunch and were all ready to load our luggage on the truck when it arrived.

Farewell, camp at Evian! Farewell, for the present, French *Eclaireuses*! Farewell, also, my own folding skillet! I have never seen it again. *Eclaireuse* Oratoire, Paris, took my duffle bag with their luggage to Paris and left it for me with the janitor of the Oratoire Church. He and his wife kept it for me for a month, until I was ready to leave Paris for the boat. I checked the bag to Havre, to the boat, from the boat in New York to my train, and home without ever opening it. When I finally did unpack it, there was no mess kit. My private opinion is that the skillet liked camping in France so well that it just decided to stay over there and either persuaded some baggage man to take it out, or rolled out by itself.

How many of your friends subscribe to "The American Girl"?—



## Raise Money Easily for Your Troop



Thousands of Girl Scout Troops, and other Societies find it easy to raise money for their treasuries with the well-known *Bylund Plan*—selling nationally advertised candy bars direct from the factory. Nestlé's, Oh Henry, and over 70 others to select from.

### Special Items for Easter



One troop says: "The *Bylund Plan* beats anything we ever tried for raising money." No capital needed to start. Liberal profits. We finance you and show you how. Write today for catalog and full particulars. Samples upon request.

BYLUND BROS., Inc.

Woolworth Bldg., Dept. 3., New York, N. Y.

## FANCY LEATHERS for Craft Workers

A 3-cent stamp brings you samples

Sold by the half or whole  
skin and cut to measure.

Tools and Designs, Snap Fasteners to Match Leathers, Sphinx Paste, Lacing Punches.

W. A. HALL

250 Devonshire St.

Boston 9, Mass.

THE LATEST!  
Colored  
Ring



With Your Initials  
Beautifully Engraved

Girls, here is the ultra smart ring of today. It is light in weight yet indestructible and comes in your favorite color—blue, green, red, amber, orange or black. Costs only a dollar, with your initials beautifully engraved in gold, free. Send money order or pay the postman upon delivery one dollar plus a few cents C.O.D. charges. Specify the color and engraving you desire.

ELLAR NOVELTY CO. 41 E. 28 St., N. Y.

## Cuticura Talcum

Antiseptic . . . Prophylactic  
Fragrant and Refreshing

The Ideal Skin and Baby Powder. A delightful perfume for the skin after bathing.

25c. everywhere Sample Free

"Cuticura," Dept. L, Malden, Mass.

## Art Corner Your Pictures—Album

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

5 Styles of Art Corners Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to rev. Write Dept. 46, ENGEL MFG. CO. 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

## SCHOOL RINGS

Send for our Catalog of Rings and Pins for Schools, Clubs, Frats and Military Academies. Factory prices. Rings, \$1 up. Pins, 5c. up.

C. K. GROUSE COMPANY  
125 Bruce Ave. North Attleboro, Mass.



No. 2421  
Sterling \$1.50  
Solid Gold \$4.50

## When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

THERE are three new types of postage stamps to talk about this month. Most of you have read in your own newspapers about the wedding of Princess Marie Jose of Belgium to Crown Prince Humbert of Italy early in January. Just a few days after the wedding, there appeared at Italian post offices a set of three of the most beautiful stamps I have seen in a long time. The stamps are oblong in shape and have been very excellently printed. The design shows a portrait of both the prince and princess.



On January second the Bahama Islands placed on sale the one penny commemorative stamp which is illustrated above. This stamp is printed in two colors, the frame in a brilliant carmine and the medallion in black. The stamp is very attractive and, so far, only the one value has appeared. This has been issued to commemorate the founding of the colony three hundred years ago. All of you know that the Bahama Islands are a British Crown Colony and most of the stamps carry King George's profile.

The third stamp is our own United States air mail issue. On January thirteenth the Post Office Department announced that it had approved the design for the new five cent air mail stamp and that it should be on sale within thirty days. If this is so, the stamp should have made its appearance by the time you are reading this. The new stamp is to be printed in the single color blue.

As usual, I have made the necessary arrangements to supply you with any of the stamps which you read about in this column. The set of three Italian stamps will cost twenty-five cents. The Bahamas stamp and United States air mail stamp will cost eight cents each. All of these prices include return postage.

No column would be complete without at least one paragraph regarding air mail routes. On January fifteenth the United States foreign route from Brownsville, Texas to Mexico City, was extended beyond Mexico to San Salvador in the Republic of El Salvador and San Lorenzo in the Republic of Honduras.

How many of you are taking this matter of air mail covers seriously? For more than a year I have advised you not to overlook this division of the hobby because air mail covers are rapidly increasing in value. The very attractive cancellations that are placed on the face of some covers make them beautiful additions to a collection.



## Dead Country Packet

Contains 18 all different countries which no longer issue stamps. Epirus, Ingermanland, Crete, Prussia, White Russia, Victoria, New South Wales, Western Australia, Queensland, former German Colonies and many others. This packet of stamps from obsolete countries for only 10c to approval applicants.

DE KALB STAMP CO.  
Box 80 Garrett, Ind.

## ANCHER'S \$\$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c

Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prewar) value of forty million dollars (interesting); perforation gauge and mm. scale. 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Transcaspia, Malay, Dutch Indies, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c to approval applicants. Nice pocket stockbook, red, 55c with every order.

ANCHER STAMP CO., Box 126, Rutherford, N. J.

## FREE! LARGEST STAMP IN THE WORLD

Fine packet 65 different stamps from Cape Verde, Jamaica, Mozambique, Syria, etc., including dying soldier, beautiful woman, ships, savages, airplanes, pyramids, birds and animal stamps, for only 1c to approval applicants. Largest Stamp in the World (Rare China Wild Geese) Special Delivery. Stamps absolutely free with each order. SUPPLY LIMITED—SEND YOUR 1c TODAY.

WESTERN PHILATELISTS, 6021 Harper Ave., N. 2, CHICAGO

## THE MAP PACKET

contains 10 different Map Stamps from the two Hemispheres. Also a packet of different stamps with animals, birds, ships and scenery to approval applicants, all for a dime.

S. E. SAXE, 1427 N. 58th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## AIR MAIL

Scarc 1925 Austria Air Comp., 18c  
New Belgian Char., 5 var, only 25c

Afghan 15p, 1927, 15c; 3 new Persia, 10c; Rhodes No. 1-3 Mint, 10c. All 8 3 Spain, Morocco for 6c. Approvals, A. G. SIMMONS STAMP CO., HORTON, MICH.

150 DIFF. 15c; Great Menagerie Packet 15c; Fa-mous Rulers Packet 25c; Rich Central & S. American Packet 15c; All Four Packets only 50c. 1000 World Stamps \$1.00; Special Asiatic Packet 15c. Fine U. S. Pat. 25c. B. & K. Stamp Co., Newville, Pa.

STAMPS FREE. 18 large, showy picture stamps, also 12 different British Colonies with a request for my popular approvals at 50% discount. None better. Postage, 2c.

P. F. QUINN  
1113 W. Nevada St., Philadelphia, Pa.

100 FINE STAMPS, only 25 cts. Satisfaction guaranteed. Money back if not satisfied.

William J. Grant, 8317-18th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

14 DIFF. CONFEDERATE STATES ONLY 5c

14 diff. scarce Confed. issues only 5c to new approval applicants

Tatham Stamp Co., 49 Van Horn, Dept. 7, W. Springfield, Mass.

Approval Sheets 50% Discount. Sent Anywhere  
B. Driver, 1430 So. Penn Square, Phila., Pa.

107 All Diff. Stamps given free to Approval App. 2c postage. Paige Stamp Co., Oak Park, Ill.

CONFEDERATE ESSAY, 5c to approval applicants.  
Patapasco Stamp Co., Walbrook Sta., Baltimore, Md.

STAMPS 105, China, etc., 2c. Album (50 illust.) 3c.

List free. Bullard, 446 Tremont St., Boston



ON THE OCEAN FRONT

## The Breakers

ATLANTIC CITY N.J.

PREFERRED—In all seasons by

those who know and wish the best upon either the American or European Plan.

HILLMAN MANAGEMENT

NEW! FREE CATALOG  
CLASS PINS  
SOMETHING DIFFERENT! PIN COMPLETE  
WITH SEPARATE DATE GUARD & CHAIN 2 COLORS  
LESS! STERLING SILVER \$1.35 12.00 19120  
12" SILVER PLATE .75 (HORN) 45  
METAL ARTS CO., Inc. 911 Portland Ave. Rochester, N.Y.

Get their subscriptions through our Earn-Your-Own-Club

## Our March Contents

### Art and Poetry

- Cover Design . . . *Fay Turpin*  
 Cargoes . . . . *John Masefield* 6  
 Early Spring at the Woods' Edge  
*Detlev von Liliencron* 8

### Stories

- Pataud on Patrol . *Mildred Criss* 7  
*Illustrations by Haré Stein*  
 The Revenge of H'Emma 'Annah  
*Christine Chaundler* 12  
*Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele*  
 Sister to Gjeshoh  
*Elizabeth C. Miller* 18  
*Illustrations by Heinz Worth*  
 Klong and the Go-down Baby  
*Phyllis Sowers* 24  
*Illustrations by Margaret Ayer*  
 The House with the Cross-eyed  
 Windows . . *Edna Clark Davis* 30  
*Illustrations by Robb Beebe*

### Special Articles

- Ishbel MacDonald  
*Margaret Norris* 10  
 "Captain" Hildegard . *Ida Treat* 17  
 Palissy, the Potter  
*Susan Smith* 21  
*Illustrations by Carletta Petrina*  
 If You Are Going Away  
*Hazel Rawson Cades* 33  
*Illustrations by Katherine Shane Bushnell*

### Our Merit Badge Pages

- Gay Threads and a Needle (*Dress-maker*) . *Helen Perry Curtis* 15  
*Illustrations by Jean Calhoun*  
 To Paris with a Skillet (*Scribe*)  
*Agnes Amis* 22  
 Cheese around the World (*Cook*)  
*Winifred Moses* 28  
 Books with a Foreign Flavor  
 (*Scribe*) *Elinor Whitney* 50

### Our Girl Scout Pictures

- Girl Scouts the World Over 34, 35

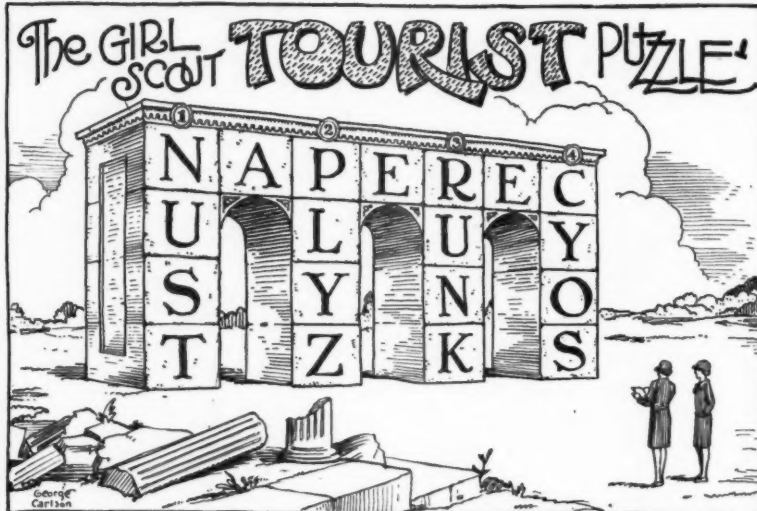
### Our Scribes' Corner

- Our International Mail Bag . . 36

### Other Pages of Interest

- Along the Editor's Trail . . . 3  
 Your Post Box Friend Abroad . 4  
 Well, of All Things! . . . . 5  
 How To Be Popular (?) Abroad 38  
*Cartoons by Catharine Lewis*  
 An Adventure in Scotland (*From an old letter of Juliette Low*) 44  
 Laugh and Grow Scout . . . 62  
 When Stamps Are Your Hobby  
*Osborne B. Bond* 65  
 Our Puzzle Pack *George Carlson* 66

## OUR PUZZLE PACK



### The Tourists' Puzzle

While on their travels abroad recently, two of our readers came across the ruins of an ancient Roman city. A large arch was the principal feature of the place and its peculiar inscriptions held our friends' interest for a long time.

There were three openings to the arch and across the top, seven large letters were inscribed in seven square blocks. The three blocks on the side of each opening also had letters and their arrangement at first presented nothing but a meaningless jumble.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed one of the girls after a while. "I can take some of those letters and make the name of those mountains we saw last week!"

"Yes," replied the other, "and I also see the name of that interesting old city in England with the big cathedral."

And so by skillful rearranging, they imagined seven of the letters placed across the top to make the name of that section of Italy they were now passing.

Reading downwards from number one, the four letters made the name of a river in northern England. Number two was a world-famous canal. The four letters comprising number three was the name of some high mountains in Europe and number four made the name of an old English cathedral city.

### Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions, build up a five-letter word square:

1. Sugared
2. To give up a claim to
3. A large marine duck
4. Makes smooth
5. Forcibly concise

### Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, turn RICE into SOUP in seven moves.

### Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, six new words will be formed. The six added letters will spell the name of a famous girl's college.

1. Ale
2. Isle
3. Ale
4. Ail
5. Gain
6. Ail

### Ye Olde Time Riddle

What grows less tired the more it works?

### An Enigma

I am the title of a famous poem by Longfellow and contain eighteen letters.

My 5, 15, 3, 14, 10, 16, is a guardian or one who is in charge.

My 8, 9, 17, 18, means so.

My 7, 2, 12, 13, 11, is not stale.

My 4, 6, 1, is a horned domestic animal

### Geographic Acrostic

The first and third letters of the seven four-letter words which are defined below will make the names of two countries in Africa.

1. Inferm
2. A useful metal
3. A poet
4. Very black
5. A running contest
6. Ancient South American
7. In agitation

### Word Building

To a word that is an article add a letter and make a word meaning moved fast, add another letter and it will be moisture from the sky, another letter added will make it cereal, still one more and it will be the French way of saying a browned crust, add another letter and make it a lattice of bars, one more letter added will make it mean the act of conceding.

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

A PUZZLING VALENTINE: Move The-N, A-I, E-I The-N, I-E, N-G, A-I, L-M, R-R, I-C, I-R, M-E.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

D R I L L  
 R O D E O  
 I D E A S  
 L E A S E  
 L O S E R

WORD JUMPING: Snow, slow, slew, sled, slid, said, raid, rain.

ADD A LETTER: The seven added letters spell BERMUDA.

YE OLDE TYME RIDDLE: One is a sale of effects and the other is the effects of a sail.

A CHARADE: MIDAS.

GEOGRAPHIC ACROSTIC: page, oars, riot, tech, unto, gown, anti, lava. PORTUGAL, ESTHONIA.

Augusta Huiell Seaman, Jane Abbott, Edith Ballinger Price—they're coming soon

# America's home town discovers *the pause that refreshes*

BACK TO GENOA! Through ancient city gates and narrow, twisting streets that wind among medieval churches and palaces to the boyhood home of Christopher Columbus. Back, as it were, to America's home town has come Coca-Cola and *the pause that refreshes*. \* \* \* Thus has Coca-Cola, with that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment, caught the fancy of the world. Today it is served in seventy-six foreign countries. The same great drink that is ready ice-cold for you, around the corner from anywhere, in every city, town and hamlet in America—tempering the faster pace of these modern times as a reminder to *pause and refresh yourself*.

## THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

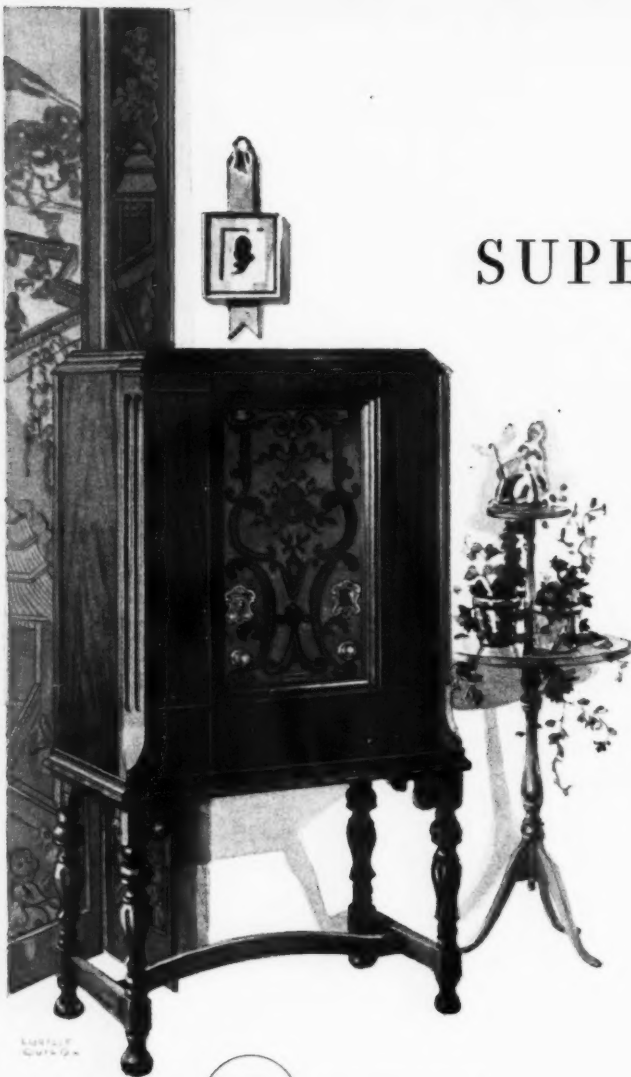
A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.



*It had to be good to get where it is*





Look for and insist upon  the famous RCA trade-mark

*Radiola Super-Heterodynes are offered in three models*

RCA RADIOLA 60—Super-Heterodyne table model . . . . . \$98

RCA RADIOLA 66—Super-Heterodyne with Electro-Dynamic Reproducer in cabinet (shown in illustration) . . . . . \$175

RCA RADIOLA 67—Special combination of the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Electro-Dynamic Reproducer and phonograph for electrical reproduction of records . . . . . \$690

(Above prices less Radiotrons)

# Only a SUPER-HETERODYNE *can give you this superb* TONE REALISM

When you first hear a radio program on the Radiola Super-Heterodyne you are amazed at the complete illusion of realism.

There's no cutting out of the low tones and high-pitched notes—no sacrifice of tone fidelity—no false values to impair the perfection of reproduction.

And with this superb quality of tone realism the Super-Heterodyne gives you the extreme sensitivity and high selectivity that are essential to radio reception in congested broadcast areas.

Because of its remarkable qualities, the Super-Heterodyne principle is used in marine coastal stations, in the radio compass, and in the leading broadcasting stations where reception must take place directly under the transmitting antenna. Its unique characteristics place it in a class by itself—the supreme achievement of radio.

Great artists choose the Super-Heterodyne because it is a musical instrument that faithfully reproduces music just as it goes out from the broadcasting studio. Engineers choose it because of its unrivalled technical perfection.

Earlier models of the Super-Heterodyne were costly to build, but RCA, with its vast manufacturing resources, has brought the cost down so that every home can now afford to own this great achievement of the radio art. And purchase can be made on the easy RCA Time Payment Plan.



## RCA RADIOLA

RADIOLA DIVISION RCA VICTOR COMPANY, INC.

TUNE IN—THE RCA VICTOR HOUR, EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER A COAST-TO-COAST NETWORK OF THE N. B. C.

Copyright 1930 by RCA VICTOR Company, Inc.

